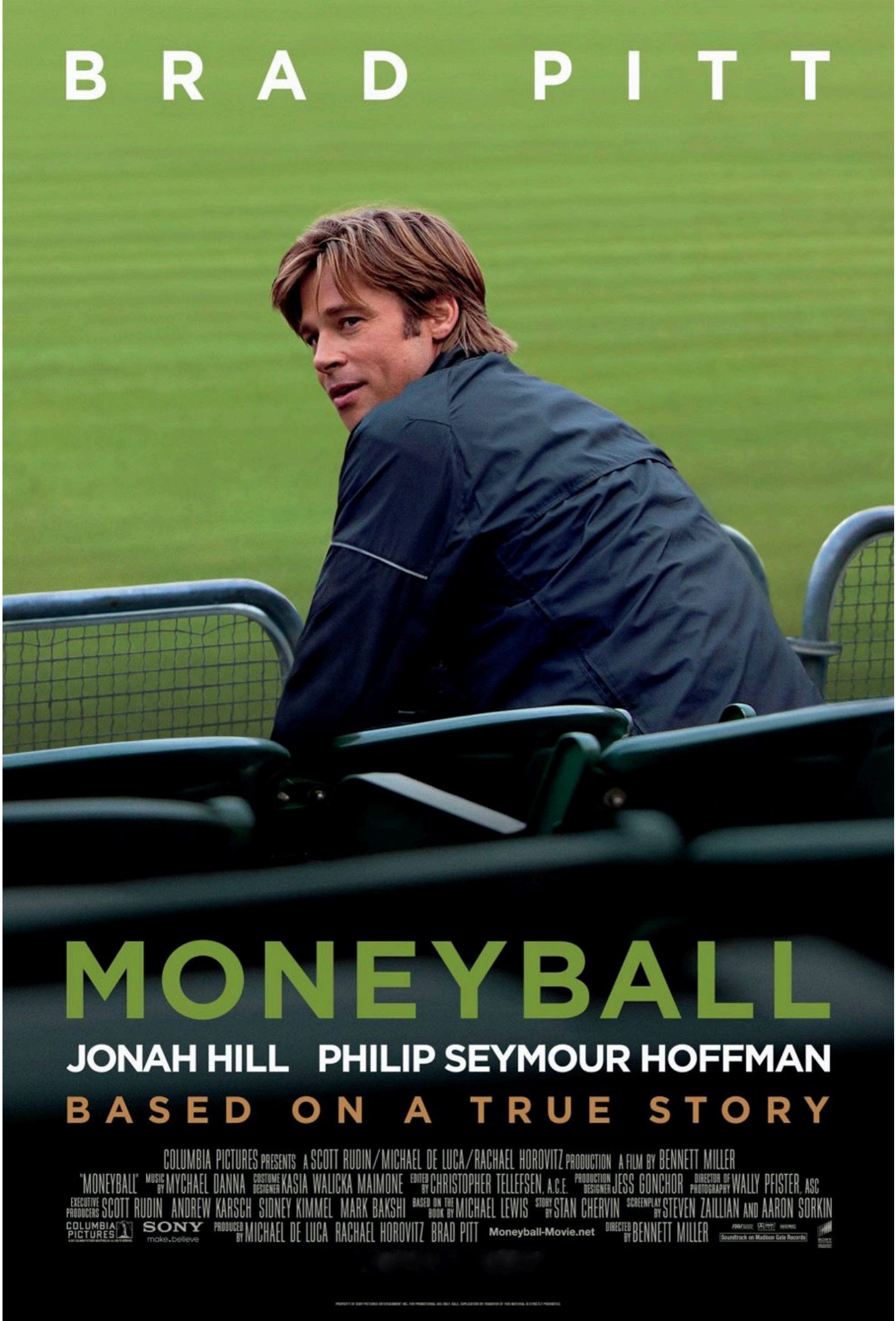
BRAD PITT
MONEYBALL
JONAH HILL PHILIP SEYMOUR HOFFMAN
BASED ON A TRUE STORY
COLUMBIA PICTURES PRESENTS A SCOTT RUDIN/MICHAEL DE LUCA/RACHAEL HOROVITZ PRODUCTION A FILM BY BENNETT MILLER
"MONEYBALL" MUSIC BY MYCHAEL DANNA COSTUME DESIGNER KASIA WALICKA MAIMONE EDITED BY CHRISTOPHER TELLEFSEN, A.C.E. PRODUCTION DESIGNER JESS GONCHOR DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY WALLY PFISTER, ASC
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS SCOTT RUDIN ANDREW KARSCH SIDNEY KIMMEL MARK BAKSHI BASED ON THE BOOK BY MICHAEL LEWIS STORY BY STAN CHERVIN SCREENPLAY BY STEVEN ZAILLIAN AND AARON SORKIN
COLUMBIA PICTURES
SONY make.believe
PRODUCED BY MICHAEL DE LUCA RACHAEL HOROVITZ BRAD PITT
Moneyball-Movie.net
DIRECTED BY BENNETT MILLER
Soundtrack on Madison Gate Records

EXT. OAKLAND COLISEUM - NIGHT

From high above. Dark, deserted, silent.

We drift across the empty diamond to giant, looming, floodlit likenesses of the Oakland A's premiere players painted on concrete--Jason Giambi, Johnny Damon, Jason Isringhausen.

We move across the stadium to the empty but floodlit parking lot.

Into the frame comes an incongruous sight--a lone Mercedes two-door coupe is driving in a circle around the stadium.

We begin to hear the disembodied cheering crowds and the faint voice of an announcer--

BRENNAMAN (VO)
...one out, nobody on, two and two to Saenz--who has just three at-bats in the series and none of them hits--as he settles back in--

LEGEND:

October 15, 2001
American League Divisional Series
Oakland A's at New York Yankees
Deciding Game 5

BRENNAMAN (CONT'D)
--Rivera looks in for the sign, he has it, the pitch, Saenz swings and--

The announcer's voice and the excited crowd suddenly cut out as we're inside the car. The driver's Billy Beane. He's making laps around the stadium.

We go outside the car again and the sound snaps back in--

STEVE LYONS (VO)
--a ground out to second, Thom, is not what the A's were looking for from Saenz down by two in the ninth.

Back inside the car and the sound cuts out. The blackberry on the passenger seat buzzes and Billy looks at it--

grnd out 2nd--2 out

Billy keeps driving and we go outside the car as the announcers and the crowd come back in--

BRENNAMAN
--with the A's down to their last strike and this Yankee crowd is on its feet. Rivera squints for the sign, gets it, delivers--

Back inside the car and the sound cuts out. Billy's blackberry buzzes. He picks it up, hesitates just a second before looking at it.

fly out cntr.....good season, Billy.

And the sound comes back in--

BRENNAMAN (CONT'D)
--it is Bedlam in New York. The Yankees have come back after losing the first two games to take Division Series from the Oakland A's.

STEVE LYONS
You'd have to go back to the Seattle Mariners in 1985--that was the only other team to win the first two games of a five game series and then lose the next three.

Billy slows the car to a stop. He puts it in park and sits there.

We go to a high, wide shot of the car sitting alone before we

CUT TO:

THE FACE OF A MAN REGARDING US

And while he many not exactly despise us, he doesn't respect us much either. He seems to be trying to decide if we're worth speaking to and he's leaning toward we're not.

Unlike Billy, this man doesn't look like a ball player and he isn't. He looks like a night watchman, and is, at Stokely Van Camp Pork and Beans Factory. *

He speaks--

BILL JAMES
The modern day box score was invented a hundred and fifty years ago by a British-born journalist named Henry Chadwick.

A tintype of Henry Chadwick's face replaces Bill James. He looks like Ulysses S. Grant.

BILL JAMES (VO) (CONT'D)
Henry, who I'm sure was a nice enough fellow, knew more about cricket than he knew about baseball and so he began counting the things that were easiest for him to count.

Idealized renderings of players on 19th century baseball fields replace Henry's portrait.

BILL JAMES (VO) (CONT'D)
Hits. Batting Average. Earned Run Average. Runs Batted In. Strike Outs.

INT. A'S LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

There's silence as we move along dented or doorless lockers. Broken bats are lying in pieces on the floor. Players in various states of dress are sitting silently, not looking at anything or anyone.

BILL JAMES (VO)
And to this day, the value of a player--the decision to draft him or not, to send him from Single-A to Double-A, Double A to Triple-A--

EXT. STADIUM PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Billy pulls a duffle bag out of the car and unzips it. He pulls out a bunch of bats and clunks them to the ground.

BILL JAMES (VO)
--and Triple-A to the big leagues--to this day those judgements are tethered like a noose to Henry Chadwick's easy to count numbers.

Billy takes a bat and whacks it against the pavement. He whacks it again. On the third whack, the bat splits apart.

He grabs another bat and whacks it against the ground.

BILL JAMES (VO) (CONT'D)
But baseball's a church and the Church is about to have a tizzy. Because it was only a matter of time before someone felt desperate enough to admit that these numbers...? Measure nothing. *

Billy whacks the bat a second time--and then on the third hellacious slam, the barrel of the bat flies off, end over end, and we HEAR the CRASH of broken glass off-screen.

Billy casually turns to see the shattered windshield of his car.

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE:

Part I
Picking Up the Pieces

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Five young men are spread in a line between a pair of orange cones but we can only see their legs--three pairs of black legs and two pairs of white legs--while a 60ish man walks off 60 yards with a pre-measured spool of string.

A few other men in their 50's and 60's stand nearby with stop watches. They have the look of men who spend their entire lives in their cars.

LEGEND:

1980
Major League Baseball Scouting Combine

TOSCANO
My money's on Coles, Harris or Espy.

SABATINI
Picking one of the black kids to win a foot race. Way to go out on a limb.

TOSCANO
Lemme tell you somethin', fatso, Harris is a damn track star, but he's gonna get beat by Coles and Coles just signed a scholarship to play wide receiver at UCLA. Coles is gonna get beat by Espy. That's how fast Espy is. Am I casting an aspersion on the entire black world? No. Am I saying these particular young black men are going to smoke the two white kids? Yes. And I've got--
(checks his wallet)
--fourteen dollars that says I'm right.

A scout drops his arm as he blows a sharp whistle and the five young prospects take off.

After 20 yards, one of the pairs of white legs opens a le
After 40 yards you could drive a Buick through the daylig
that's opened up between the white legs and the four othe

Toscano and Sabatini and the other scouts stand there wit
their mouths open...

TOSCANO (CONT'D)
That was completely unexpected.

MARTINEZ
Billy Beane. Outfielder.

SABATINI
If he can hit for power he's going in the top five rounds.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

CRACK! A ball sails well over the heads of the scouts in
outfield who are shagging the batting practice flies. The
in the parking lot have seen this batter play before and
know just how far back to stand in order to shag a ball.
can't see the batter, we can just hear the crack of the b

CRACK!--he sends another one sailing over the heads of th
cluster of scouts.

SABATINI
If he's got an arm he's going in the top three rounds.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

CLANG!

Three oil drum garbage cans are turned on their sides at
first, second and third base with the open end facing the
outfield. We don't see who's throwing but whoever it is j
threw a bullet from 200 feet and hit the bullseye.

CLANG!

--dead center into the third base garbage can.

SABATINI
(pause)
He's gonna play baseball for money.

CUT TO:

EXT. OAKLAND COLISEUM (PRESENT) - NIGHT *

Billy pulls his car with the shattered windshield into the parking space with a sign on a pole that reads "Billy Beane--General Manager".

He gets out of the car and shuts the door, which causes whatever is left of the windshield to sprinkle down. He heads toward an entrance as we pre-lap a woman's voice on a speaker phone--

TARA (VO)
I love you, honey.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Tara, Billy's second wife, is talking him through this moment with love and humor.

BILLY
That's nice of you, I appreciate that.

The flat screen on the wall is muted and showing the post-game celebration in the Yankees locker room. Players and reporters are getting doused with champagne.

TARA (VO)
I hope you're thinking about what an amazing job you did. I hope you're thinking about how great you are.

BILLY
God, Tara, I'm just not thinking about that at all.

TARA (VO)
You take a team with that payroll to the playoffs? You take the Yankees to a fifth game? I'm not even sure the better team won.

BILLY
They were down two-love and won three in a row. Trust me, the better team won.

BILLY presses a button on the Bose radio that sits on his desk and is hit with the sound of sports talk radio.

CALLER (VO)
--embarrassed the entire city and made a mockery of their fans. I'm *sick* of this!

TARA (VO)
Let's go away.

BILLY
Absolutely.

TARA (VO)
Someplace they don't have a baseball team.

BILLY
How about Oakland?

TARA (VO)
Alright, here are the rules for tonight. You can do anything you want but you can't hurt yourself and you can't hurt my car.

BILLY
Your car?

TARA (VO)
You took my car, you beat yours up last night.

BILLY
Yeah. It's possible I may get into a terrible accident on the way home. The good news is I'll be fine but there may be some damage to your windshield.

TARA (VO)
They had three times your payroll, Billy.

From the radio we've been hearing shards of "--an unprecedented choke--", "--get rid of Billy Beane--", "--Billy Beane knows nothing about baseball--"

BILLY
Yeah, except that's what I was hired for. Every GM in baseball's hired to beat one team.

TARA (VO)
I hate the Yankees.

BILLY
I like the musical.

TARA
You're scaring me.

BILLY
(lightly singing under his breath)
You gotta have heart...Oh I wish I had a gun...

TARA (VO)
What about Hawaii?

BILLY
Yeah, I'll make reservations someplace.

On the radio we're hearing, "Lemme tell you something, my 10 year old knows more about the game than Billy Beane."

TARA (VO)
Kona?

BILLY
Sure.

BILLY opens his window.

TARA (VO)
We could leave tomorrow.

BILLY
I'll try to get us into the place with the turtles.

BILLY casually yanks the power cord from the radio out of the wall.

BILLY (CONT'D)
I'm relaxing already. Seriously, I'm really starting to feel the whole calamitous experience of this last week start to drain away into the spirit of mahalo.

And Billy tosses the radio out the open window without looking. We hear a louder-than-expected crash.

TARA (VO)
Billy?

BILLY
Hang on.

Billy leans out the window to see that the radio's dented in the hood of his wife's car.

TARA (VO)
(pause)
Did you get into another accident on the way home?

BILLY
(beat)
Yeah. But it's just the hood and the radio you gave me for Father's Day.

TARA (VO)
Don't listen to the radio.

BILLY
Now you tell me.

TARA (VO)
(pause)
They had three times the payroll, Billy. God, Steinbrenner--

BILLY
(pause)
We lost, Tara. We lost. And I love you but the rest is all talk.
(beat)
I've got one more season and then I'm fired. I thought you should know that.

CUT TO:

INT. OAKLAND AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Blur of shapes and colors as we move through a crush of travelers to a Hawaiian Airlines counter where Billy and Tara check luggage. Billy's got a cell phone to his ear.

BILLY
Dan. Billy. We need to talk about Johnny Damon.

DUQUETTE
I'm leaving on vacation, Billy.

BILLY
So am I. What are you offering him?

TICKET CLERK
How many bags?

TARA
Three.

DUQUETTE
(overlapping)
Am I offering him anything?

BILLY
I'll be your rabbi for a minute. Whatever it is, it's too much and in your position you can't afford that.

DUQUETTE
In my position? You know something I don't?

BILLY
The total tonnage of things I know that you don't--hang on--
(to TARA)
What did she say?

TARA
She said we had to hurry up.

Billy and Tara head off with their carry-ons--

BILLY
Look at the sticker price on Damon and then think for a moment. Enjoy your vacation. *

Billy clicks off and starts dialing again--

TARA
Try to relax.

BILLY
A small emergency is starting to develop.

TARA
Try. Try to relax.

BILLY
You look fantastic today.
(into phone)
It's Billy. You sure you want Giambi?

HENRY
I'm on vacation and nothing's gonna happen until I get back.

TARA
(overlapping)
We're losing Giambi?!

BILLY
(into phone)
Excuse me.
(to Tara)
The only way everybody's going to know is if you shout that louder.
(into phone)
Something is going to happen before you get back. Boston's gonna sign Damon. And with him, Martinez, Lowe and Ramirez the Sox are gonna beat you for the first time in 80 years whether you have Giambi or not and--hang on a second--

BILLY kicks his shoes off, puts them and his carry-on onto the x-ray belt, drops his keys and his open phone into a plastic container--

TARA
(quieter)
We're losing Damon and Giambi?

BILLY
No kidding, you look like a million bucks.

--and steps through the metal detector and retrieves the phone.

BILLY (CONT'D)
--and when that happens, people are going to be very unhappy.
(no response)
You there?

HENRY
Yes.

BILLY
I might be able to help you out and steer him someplace else.

HENRY
Why would you do that?

BILLY
Just don't do anything. *

Billy clicks the phone shut and starts dialing again--

TARA
A thousand dollars says you don't get on the plane.

SECRETARY
Arn Tellem's office.

BILLY
Denise. Billy.
(to TARA)
We don't have any money.

SECRETARY
(overlapping)
He's not in today, Billy.

BILLY
I know, I just want to send him flowers.

SECRETARY
Flowers?

TARA
Flowers?

BILLY
Where would I send them?

SECRETARY
To who?

BILLY
To Arn.

SECRETARY
You want to send him flowers?

TARA
(overlapping)
You're not going to be anywhere near Hawaii.

BILLY
To where he is now, yes.

Billy writes down the address she's giving him--

TARA
The airport is as close as you got.

BILLY
(into phone)
Thank you, Tara.

SECRETARY
Denise.

TARA
I'm Tara.

BILLY
Yes. One day. I'll get a flight out tomorrow and I'll see you in one day.

TARA
Are we gonna lose Isringhausen too?

BILLY
Only if my luck stays exactly the same.

TARA
Call me later. And when you land tomorrow, just tell the driver it's the place with the turtles.

BILLY
They'll really know that?

TARA
No idiot, it's the Four Seasons.

BILLY
You're glowing today.

TARA
I'm picking up a guy at the breakfast buffet.

BILLY
A left-handed reliever if you can.

Billy walks off and we

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT/SOUTHWEST COUNTER - DAY

Billy gets his boarding pass and we

CUT TO:

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

Billy gets out of a cab and heads up the steps of a temple and into--

INT. TEMPLE - DAY

He plucks a yarmulke from a basket and sets it on his head. He's arrived in the middle of a Bar Mitzvah ceremony and finds a place in the back row. He sets his carry-on at his feet.

He regards the boy next to the rabbi and especially the boy's father. He fidgets. Taps his foot. Checks his watch. Then turns to the ancient Jew a few seats down and whispers--

BILLY
How much longer you think?

GUEST
What?

BILLY
Nah, it's okay.

INT. BANQUET ROOM - LATER

A rock band plays cover songs. Friends and family members move around the dance floor.

The Bar Mitzvah boy's father, ARN TELLEM, notices Billy in the crowd, holding a glass of scotch. Billy gives him a wave. Arn sighs and comes over.

BILLY
I can't lose him.

ARN
Billy--

BILLY
I can't lose him, Arn.

ARN
This is my son's Bar Mitzvah.

BILLY
He did well with his Torah portion I thought.

ARN
Thank you.

BILLY
What did they offer?

ARN
He's not staying in Oakland, man. Nobody stays in Oakland unless there's no place else to go. Just trying to be polite about it.

BILLY
What did the Yankees offer him?

ARN
17 million.

BILLY
Fuck you.

ARN
Yeah.

BILLY
I don't pay my whole infield 17 million dollars.

ARN
And you lost the last three games of your season.

BILLY
No shit?

ARN
I'm sorry.

BILLY
I hadn't heard about that.

ARN
That was a low blow.
(pause)
You're gonna lose Isringhausen too.

BILLY
(pause)
I know.

ARN
You gotta get Steve to let you spend some money.

BILLY
That's pretty good advice, I should do that.

ARN
I've gotta get back.

BILLY
Hey mazel tov, Arn.

ARN
Thank you. Good luck.

Arn walks away. Billy looks to his right to see a 12 year old kid standing right next to him and looking at him.

KID
Are you Billy Beane?

BILLY
Yes sir.

KID
That was a pretty serious choke.

BILLY
Are you from around here?

KID
Yeah.

BILLY
You a Dodger fan?

KID
Yeah.

Billy hands the kid his scotch-- *

BILLY
Here, drink a lot of this.

--and walks away and *

CUT TO: *

INT. LAX - LATER

Billy takes his boarding pass from a Southwest ticket agent and heads for security with his carry-on.

EXT. BAY AREA - LATE AFTERNOON

Very large housing development in mid-construction. Framed skeletons of middle-income houses dot half-paved streets. Bulldozers and workmen move about. A completed model home stands amidst it like a cheap ring, with plastic pennants on sticks waving in the breeze.

BILLY
We might be able to survive losing Damon but we can't if we also lose Giambi.

SCHOTT
Isringhausen's gone too, don't you think?

BILLY
Yeah, but I can win without a closer, I can't win without power.

Schott is Steve Schott--the A's owner and developer of this housing project--60 years old. He leads Billy into--

INT. MODEL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

There's furniture and even fake personal items to make buyers feels at home.

SCHOTT
What'll it cost?

BILLY
To keep Giambi?

SCHOTT
Yeah.

BILLY
Seventeen.

SCHOTT
For one year?

Billy nods. Steve smiles and makes a gesture that says, "That makes it easy--there's nothing to talk about."

SCHOTT (CONT'D)
I have confidence you'll find a way to make it work without him.

BILLY
I need more money, Steve.

SCHOTT
You won 102 games with the payroll you've got.

BILLY
With Jason Giambi. And Damon and Isringhausen.

SCHOTT
Do you like this house?

BILLY
Steve--

SCHOTT
It's a nice house for what it is. For what it is it's a nice house.

Schott tries the faucet.

SCHOTT (CONT'D)
Oh good, the water's on. You know what this faucet costs? It doesn't matter. I turn it on and water comes out. The same water that comes out at your house. It costs a hundred dollars but works just like the one that costs two-thousand.

BILLY
I understand.

SCHOTT
I care what it costs because it's a cost to me.

BILLY
Yes.

SCHOTT
But the family that moves into the house doesn't.

BILLY
I get it. Look--

SCHOTT
And they don't care that the counter tops weren't imported from Italy--

BILLY
(how much longer?)
Oh my God.

SCHOTT
And they don't care that the molding is 2-inches instead of 6-inches--

BILLY
I'm gonna blow my brains out.

SCHOTT
You don't like my analogy?

BILLY
Your analogy falls apart because the people who move into this house know the difference between winning and losing. And so do I. I can't lose anymore. I can't.

SCHOTT
(calmly)
Our house is in Oakland, Billy.

BILLY
Please, no more with the house.

SCHOTT
It's not in New York or Boston or Chicago or LA or Houston or-- *

BILLY
And please stop naming cities.

SCHOTT
Jason Giambi is too expensive an appointment for our house.

BILLY
You can't ask me to be okay with losing. That's too much to ask a professional athlete.

SCHOTT
You're a professional general manager now. I'm asking you to be okay with not spending money I don't have. And I'm asking you to get the fuck back in a room with your people and figure out how you're going to replace these guys with the money I do have. We're a small market team. You're a small market manager. No shame in that.

BILLY
(pause--thanks for the vote of confidence)
Okay then.

INT. BILLY'S CONDOMINIUM - LATER - NIGHT

The phone's ringing as we hear a key in the lock. The door opens and Billy starts sprinting toward the phone, tripping over something on the way and wiping out on the floor. He reaches up and hits the speaker button.

BILLY
Hello?

TARA (V.O.)
I could live like this.

BILLY
How was your flight?

TARA (V.O.)
Good. I had two seats to myself, I put my cell phone where you were supposed to be and I barely noticed the difference.

BILLY
Good.

TARA (V.O.)
I've been calling you on <u>your</u> cell phone, did your battery run out?

BILLY
It did run out. Right around the time I threw it at a cement mixer.

TARA (V.O.)
You should stay in Oakland. I'm fine here.

BILLY
No, I'll come out tomorrow.

TARA (V.O.)
I think you should stay there and do what you've gotta do. I'm here when you want me.

BILLY
I want you.

TARA (V.O.)
I can't play first base.

BILLY
You could try.

TARA (V.O.)
Stay in Oakland. Meet with the scouts.

BILLY
You've got my suitcase?

TARA (V.O.)
No, the airline sent it to Prague.

BILLY
(pause)
Why?

TARA (V.O.)
Well we left out of Oakland, honey, and I think the baggage handlers knew it was yours. *
*

BILLY *
(beat--can this get any worse?) *
Okay. *

INT. OAKLAND COLISEUM - DAY

Billy and his scouting department--ten men older than him--all former players who topped out somewhere in the minor leagues--and all tobacco chewers still, each with his own can of Copenhagen and a spitoon--have gathered in this large cinder block room where the appointments are even fewer and cheaper than in Schott's model home.

Two large white-boards dominate a wall, covered with magnetic strips with players' names on them. On the left board is every player in the A's organization. On the right, even larger board, is every player that may be of interest to them from the other organizations.

It's a complex chess board but what can easily be discerned are the obvious holes in the A's team--the star players they're about to lose--whose names are set apart from the positions they're vacating: Jason Giambi (1B), Johnny Damon (CF), Jason Isringhausen (RP).

GRADY
Let's start with who we like for Giambi. Hoppy?

HOPKINS
Perez. He swings like a man.

TITLE:

November
12 Weeks Until the Start of Spring Training

PITTARO
He swings like a man who swings too much.

HOPKINS
There's some work that needs to be done. He needs to be re-worked a little. But he's noticeable.

GRADY
He's noticeable?

HOPKINS
Noticeable. You notice him.

GRADY
I notice him getting thrown out of games.

HOPKINS
That's not always a bad thing.

GRADY
Billy?

Billy seems completely disengaged, sitting apart from his scouts, staring at Giambi's name on the board like it's Judas.

BILLY
Let's absolutely go with a player whose best contribution to the team is leaving the field, that's just Baseball 101. *

GRADY
You're grumpier than usual. Where's that fine wife of yours?

BILLY
On a beach in Kona, presumably filing for divorce.

KEOUGH
Geronimo. Guy's an athlete.

HEATH
Doesn't have a lot of power.

KEOUGH
Good hitters can develop power. Power hitters can't develop good hitting.

WHITE
I like him too. If you want to talk about another Giambi, this guy could be it. And * if, like you said, we can develop him * into-- *

BILLY stands up, takes his chair and hurls it against the white boards, sending the name strips flying.

GRADY
(pause)
So that's no to Geronimo?

BILLY
"We can change him from a leadoff hitter to a power hitter and a run-scorer to an astronaut"--you can't change guys. You don't have that ability and neither do they. Is there another first baseman like * Jason Giambi?

GRADY
No.

BILLY
Is there?

GRADY
No.

BILLY
Then stop looking for one! We can't do it like the Yankees. If we try to play with them in here we're not going to be able to play with them out there.

GRADY
That's fortune cookie wisdom.

BILLY
It's just regular wisdom.

GRADY
With all due respect--

BILLY
What!?

GRADY
(beat)
--show me some. We've been doing this a long time.

BILLY
And how's it been going so far?

GRADY
Can I make a suggestion?

BILLY
Sure.

GRADY
Leave. Go make a trade, it makes you feel better. Go get somebody for Isringhausen--get anybody you want since you don't think closers win games. We'll keep working the Giambi/Damon problem and present you with recommendations when we're done.

There's more tension in the room than before and everyone knows they may have to duck another chair...

BILLY
(pause)
I'm going to Cleveland but not because you told me to. Please remember what I said about not replacing Giambi with the dinner theater version of Giambi.

GRADY
I've never been to dinner theater.

BILLY
(beat--apparently it <u>can</u> get worse)
Okay.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - CLEVELAND - DAY

Billy's counterpart in Cleveland--Indians General Manager Mark Shapiro--35 and about three weeks into the job--sits behind his desk in a tie and shirt sleeves like Billy.

Going almost unnoticed is a young man sitting on the couch. He's in preppy attire and his attention is on his laptop.

SHAPIRO
Where's Steve in all this?

BILLY
Building his houses.

SHAPIRO
What can I do for you, Billy? I want to help out.

BILLY
I need a lefty reliever, I'm thinking about Rincon. You've got the Venezuelan kid in North Carolina you're bringing up next year, right? You can live without Rincon.

SHAPIRO
I can live without his salary.

BILLY
I could pay you something or I could show you some of my kids in Midland.

SHAPIRO
You brought tape?

Billy taps his briefcase--

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)
I'll have a look, sure.
(but then)
Excuse me--

The young man from the couch has come over to whisper something in Shapiro's ear. The GM listens, nods and the Ivy Leaguer returns to the couch.

SHAPIRO (CONT'D)
(to Billy)
Actually no.

BILLY
No what?

SHAPIRO
Rincon's a no. Who else are you thinking about?

INT. INDIANS' FRONT OFFICE - LATER

Billy comes down the hallway, gripping his briefcase and glancing in offices--a man on a mission. He stops at a small office inside of which the preppy young man sits at a desk, engrossed in whatever is running across his computer screen.

BILLY
You.

PAUL
Yes sir.

Paul gets up and joins Billy in the corridor--

BILLY
Who the fuck are you?

PAUL
I'm Paul DePodesta.

BILLY
I don't give a shit what your name is.

PAUL
(beat)
That's confusing, because you just asked me who the-- *

BILLY
What are you doing? What do you do?

PAUL
I'm a statistician.

BILLY
I don't give a fuck!

PAUL
(beat)
Again, you--

BILLY
You just cost me a left-handed set-up man.

PAUL
I like Rincon.

BILLY
You like Rincon? You like Rincon? Who the fuck are you?

PAUL
(beat)
I know the answer to that question but I'm scared to--

BILLY
Now I have to kill you, okay? Now I have to do that.

Employees are starting to step out of their offices to check on the commotion.

BILLY (CONT'D)
(to everybody)
That's right. Yeah. I lost Giambi, I lost Damon, I lost Isringhausen, I lost three in a row to the Yankees, and I'm gonna blame it all on the stat kid for the Cleveland Indians.
(to Paul)
What the hell was your name again?

PAUL
Paul Depo--

BILLY
I don't give a shit! I have never heard of you. I have no earthly idea who you are. I want to know why Mark Shapiro listens to you.

PAUL
He doesn't most of the time.

BILLY
He just did.

PAUL
I'm in seven fantasy baseball leagues and I win all seven every year.

And now Billy's stepped off the edge of the world...

BILLY
(long pause)
What?

PAUL
I win at fantasy baseball.

BILLY
Come here a second.

Paul steps closer to Billy...

BILLY (CONT'D)
You win at...?

PAUL
Fantasy baseball.

Billy's nose to nose with Paul now, or would be if Billy didn't have four inches on him. *

BILLY
(calmly)
Did I misunderstand you or did you say that you're here because you win at fantasy baseball?

PAUL
I do.

BILLY
I'd imagine it's easier when you're playing with fantasy money. You ever play <u>actual</u> baseball?

PAUL
I played for Harvard.

BILLY
So you never played actual baseball.

PAUL
You know the fantasy is that the GM's-- *

BILLY *
What? *

PAUL
The fantasy--

BILLY
What?

PAUL
The fantasy is that GM's think there's nothing to it. So knock yourself out trying to find another first baseman like Giambi but since there is no other first baseman like Giambi I think it's a waste of time to look for the summer stock version.

BILLY
(pause--a little stunned)
That's...That's exactly what I said. I said that exact same thing yesterday except I said dinner theater instead of summer stock.

PAUL
Same idea.

BILLY
Yeah.

PAUL
Yeah.

BILLY
(beat)
Some summer stock is good.

PAUL
Some dinner theater is good.

BILLY
Why are you talking to me?

PAUL
Do you understand how conversations work?

BILLY
(pause)
Alright. I'm done here. I used to like Cleveland but now I don't anymore. You've turned me into a fan of anything Ohio is against.

Billy exits down the hallway and disappears. The employees step back into their offices but Paul stays out there.

After a moment, Billy reappears.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Show me.

INT. OUTBACK STEAKHOUSE - NIGHT

The place is dotted with TV's broadcasting basketball games. Billy and Paul sit at a booth with a laptop.

PAUL
Losing Damon creates two obvious holes for you: defense in center field and offense in the lead-off spot. Of those two, the offense is the easiest to dismiss.

Paul opens a file on his laptop and scrolls down a seemingly endless spread-sheet of numbers that looks like The Matrix.

BILLY
What are you running?

PAUL
Every offensive stat from every team in the 20th century.

BILLY
Have you <u>ever</u> kissed a girl?

PAUL
I plugged them into an equation--yes--that correlates them with winning percentage, and there are only two you could say are inextricably linked to baseball success: On-base percentage and slugging percentage.

BILLY
Not batting average.

PAUL
No.

BILLY
Not home runs.

PAUL
No.

BILLY
Strike-outs, doubles, triples--?

PAUL
No. On-base percentage and slugging percentage--

BILLY
Are the only predictors of a team's run scoring.

WAITRESS
Welcome to Outback Steakhouse. I'm Cammi, I'll be your waitress tonight.

PAUL
(answering Billy)
Yes.

BILLY
I'll take any beer you've got on tap.

PAUL
I'd like a Bloomin' Onion and a cherry-vanilla diet Dr. Pepper float.

BILLY
He'll take any beer you've got on tap.

PAUL
I'm pretty hungry.

BILLY
And a Freakin' Onion. *

PAUL *
Bloomin' Onion. *

BILLY *
Shut up. *

WAITRESS
(cheery for no reason) *
Terrific.

The waitress leaves.

PAUL
But contrary to what everyone thinks, they're not equal. An extra point of on-base percentage is worth--

BILLY
--three times an extra point of slugging percentage.

PAUL
So you know this.

BILLY
It's a theory.

PAUL
Math isn't a theory.

BILLY
I didn't say I didn't believe in the theory.

PAUL
It's not a theory. And the only one who takes it seriously is--

BILLY
Bill James.

PAUL
That's right.

BILLY
You've read Bill James.

PAUL
Yes, have you?

BILLY
Yes.

PAUL
Then why don't you take his advice?

BILLY
Because it's not fantasy baseball. It's real games in real stadiums with--

PAUL
Look.

Paul scrolls down his Matrix screen to Johnny Damon.

PAUL (CONT'D)
When Johnny Damon comes to the plate, Oakland fans see a thrilling lead-off hitter.

SUDDEN CUT TO

The back of Johnny Damon's A's jersey as he walks to the plate to adoring Oakland fans.

PAUL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
When I see him, I see an imperfect understanding of where runs come from.

Damon swings at the first pitch and knocks it into left field for a single. He leads off first--

PAUL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
His on-base percentage in 2001 was .324. That's 10 points lower than league average.

On the next pitch, Damon takes off for second--

PAUL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
True, he stole some bases. But attempted steals have to succeed 70% of the time before they even start to contribute to run totals.

Damon's tagged out at second.

BACK TO THE RESTAURANT

The waitress is putting down the drinks and the Bloomin' Onion. Billy notices that she's written her phone number on his coaster but he's both married and more interested in what Paul is saying. *

PAUL (CONT'D)
So it's not his offense you're worried about, it's his defense. His offense you can replace for the price of a signing bonus.

BILLY
Hm?

PAUL
I said his offense you can replace for the price of a signing bonus.

BILLY
Yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S CHILDHOOD LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A man in a naval officer's uniform hangs up the phone. This is Billy's father and Billy's mother is standing by. Billy is sitting at the top of the stairs and we're watching this scene from over his shoulder--unable to see his face. * * *

DAD
$125,000.

MOM
Honey--

DAD
A signing bonus of $125,000.

MOM
I know that's a lot.

DAD
That's a lot? That's more than I make in three years on a mine sweeper.

MOM
He wants to go to Stanford.

DAD
He's 17, he doesn't know what he wants.

MOM
He doesn't think he's ready for the pros.

DAD
Get a pen, he's signing the contract.

MOM
It's just that he's not sure he's ready.

DAD
The New York Mets drafted him in the first round. <u>They're</u> sure he's ready. He thinks he knows more than the pro scouts?

MOM
He thinks they may have missed some things.

DAD
What in the world are you talking about?

MOM
He thinks they missed some stats?

DAD
He batted .500 his sophomore year, they didn't miss that stat.

MOM
But he dropped to .300 his junior year.

DAD
Since when do you know the first thing about baseball?

MOM
Since my son became a baseball player.

DAD
Bat .300 the rest of your life you're in the Hall of Fame. Did you know <u>that</u>?

MOM
He thinks the scouts should have--

DAD
Why isn't he telling <u>me</u> these things?!

MOM
Sometimes you can be a little scary.

DAD
That's horseshit!

MOM
He thinks the scouts should have been concerned that he dropped 200 points.

DAD
Sometimes it's just bad luck. Sometimes you hit a rocket right into somebody's glove. Some of those outs were just self-defense.

The MOM takes out a folded piece of paper, unfolds it, consults it for a moment and--

MOM
78% of the pitchers that he faced his junior year he faced again his senior year.

DAD
He wrote out notes for you?

MOM
Yes.

DAD
So what does that mean?

She turns the paper over--

MOM
High school kids figured out how to pitch to him.

DAD
$125,000. Guaranteed money.

MOM
It'll be there in four years.

DAD
What happens if he slips on a banana peel on his way to African-American Studies and breaks his ankle? Or his wrist? Or his knee? Or any of the other body parts that make him worth $125,000?
(shouting)
Billy!
(to the MOM)
Get a pen.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S CONDOMINIUM - NIGHT

Billy's looking out his window while holding his cordless phone. He's dialed the numbers in and just has to hit the green button.

And now he does.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Paul's ringing cell phone wakes him up and he answers it.

PAUL
Hello?

BILLY
It's Billy Beane.

PAUL
What time is it?

BILLY
I don't care. Would you have drafted me in the first round?

PAUL
What?

BILLY
After I left you ran me through your computer, right? Would you have drafted me in the first round?

PAUL
You were a good baseball player.

BILLY
Would you have drafted me in the first round?

PAUL
(pause)
I'd have drafted you in the ninth round. No signing bonus. You'd have passed and gone to Stanford.

BILLY
I'm going to try something new, Paul. Pack your bags.

PAUL
Why?

BILLY
I just bought you from the Cleveland Indians.

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE:

PART II
This Is So Crazy It Just Might Work

INT. STOKELY VAN CAMP FACTORY - NIGHT

Bill James, seated behind his night watchman's desk, regards us again, as before, like we're idiots.

BILL JAMES
In Henry Chadwick's Church of Statistics--where baseball has prayed ever since he founded it--the sermons are not just unenlightened...they lie.

EXT. OAKLAND COLISEUM - DAY

The Coliseum from high above again, and the industrial sprawl around it. Off in the distance, the San Francisco skyline and Golden Gate sparkle like unattainable jewels as a paint roller on a long pole lays a white stripe down the middle of Jason Giambi's giant concrete portrait.

BILL JAMES (VO)
And these lies lead the men who run major league ball clubs--and they are always men--to misjudge their players and mismanage their teams.

INT. SCOUTING ROOM - DAY

Giambi's name on a magnetic strip on the board, set apart from the hundreds of other names. Paul regards it from the far corner of the room he's tucked himself into, computer on his lap, wall flower at the dance, then glances around at the old scouts and the A's manager, Art Howe, as they assemble and arrange their spittoons for what will surely be a long meeting.

BILL JAMES (VO)
Why would these men whose job it is to accurately evaluate players, worship a gospel of arcane numbers that warps the truth?

Neither curious nor challenged by the stranger's presence, none of the scouts acknowledges Paul. He simply doesn't exist in their world.

BILL JAMES (VO) (CONT'D)
It's because they augment it with something else. But unfortunately this too is just as unreliable: their eyes.

BILLY, arriving late, gets intercepted by ART HOWE--

ART
Billy--

BILLY
Hey, Art.

ART
Can I talk to you a second?

BILLY
I got a lot to do right now.

ART
I know.

But ART doesn't back down...

BILLY
Sure. Out here.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

ART
Who's the kid who looks like a pizza delivery guy in a Brooks Brothers suit?

BILLY
Maybe he's a pizza delivery guy.

ART
Look--

BILLY
--who takes a lot of pride in his work. *

ART
I can't work under a one-year contract.

BILLY
Sure you can.

ART
No I can't.

BILLY
Then you'll be sued for material breach.

ART
And that's that?

BILLY
I've got to put a team on the field, then I'll deal with your contract.

ART
How about you deal with the manager's contract and *then* put a team on the field?

BILLY
At the moment, if a ground ball is hit to first base, nobody's going to be there to stop it from rolling.

ART
I had a 102 win season, Billy.

BILLY
If you lose the last game of the season nobody gives a shit about the 102 you--

ART
It's on me now?

BILLY
It's on me, Art!
(beat)
And the pizza delivery guy's your new assistant GM.

ART
(pause)
What the fuck are you about to do?

BILLY
That's a perfectly fair question.

Billy walks back into--

INT. SCOUTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

GRADY is the lead scout--

GRADY
Do we have Rincon?

BILLY
No. We have Bradford.

The scouts start shuffling through their printouts and notes--

BILLY (CONT'D)
I don't think you're going to find him in there. He's a right-hander with the Double-A Charlotte Knights.

GRADY
We need a left-hander.

JOE
And someone who's played major league baseball.

BILLY
We're the Oakland A's, we barely play major league baseball. *

GRADY
We need a left-hander.

BILLY
Well strictly speaking this guy's an underhander.

CUT TO:

Chad Bradford on the mound in a Knights uniform. His delivery is bizarre.

His hand drops down, not just sidearm but so low it almost scrapes the ground. He is, in the parlance, a submariner.

BACK TO THE SCOUTING ROOM

--where the scouts aren't sure what to say...

GRADY
What's his velocity?

BILLY
Unimpressive.

GRADY
Can you hit his breaking ball?

BILLY
He doesn't really throw one.

GRADY
Why do you like this guy?

BILLY
He's a born again Christian. So with Bradford we also get God and a prophet to be named later.

JOE
What the hell--

GRADY
Billy--

BILLY
Paul?

PAUL
He gets people out.

BILLY
He gets people out.

The scouts don't know who Paul is...

GRADY
Well...we fared better. We have some good ideas for Giambi.

BILLY
Knock me out.

GRADY begins putting names on the board. They're established but not spectacular first basemen.

GRADY
Which one do you want to talk about first?

BILLY
Uhhhh, let's see...none of them.

GRADY's starting to look like a guy who can't take much more. He looks at one of the other scouts and shakes his head.

BILLY (CONT'D)
You're still trying to replace him.

GRADY
We have to replace him.

BILLY
And I told you that's not gonna work. What we might be able to do, though, is recreate him in the aggregate.
(pause)
It means--

GRADY
I know what it means.

BILLY
Giambi's on-base percentage was .477. Damon's was .324 and Olmeda's was .291. Add that up you get--

BILLY points at PAUL--

PAUL
(beat)
You want me to speak?

BILLY
When I point at you, yes.

PAUL
Ten-ninety-two.

BILLY
Divided by three?

PAUL
Three-sixty-four.

BILLY
That's what we're looking for and that's what we'll find. Three players whose average OBP is--

Points at PAUL--

PAUL
Three-sixty-four.

JOE
I don't think that's right.

PAUL
It is.

BILLY
It is.

JOE
(on the white board)
What did we say--447 plus 324 plus--

GRADY
Billy--

BILLY
(helping JOE)
Carry the 1.

JOE
Ten-ninety-two. Divided by--

GRADY
Forget about the goddam math!
(meaning Paul)
Who is this?

BILLY
That's Paul.

And that's all he's going to say about Paul for the moment. He's taken three strips out of his bag--

BILLY (CONT'D)
Here's who we want.

BILLY puts the first strip up. It reads: <u>JEREMY</u> GIAMBI.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Jason's little brother Jeremy, who already works for us. He's had his problems on the field--

CUT TO--

Jeremy, in the outfield in an A's uniform, loses the ball in the lights. It falls next to him.

In another game, he tries to jump over Yankees catcher Jorge Posada instead of sliding under him, and is out at the plate--the infamous Jeremy Giambi non-slide.

BILLY (CONT'D)
And a couple of problems off the field--

McCarran Airport, Las Vegas, where an inspector pulls a baggie of marijuana from Jeremy's carry-on luggage.

A camera flash bleaches the screen white before an image appears of Jeremy's mug shot.

BACK TO THE SCOUTING ROOM--

BILLY (CONT'D)
But his on base percentage is all we're looking at now, and he has a knack for getting on base, especially for someone who makes two-hundred and eighty-two thousand a year.

BILLY puts up another name: David Justice.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Two. David Justice. David, unlike Jeremy, has everything. Talent, looks, a Yankees uniform, Halle Berry--

CUT TO--

David Justice out on the town surrounded by paparazzi. The cameras flash all around them but the picture that appears on the tabloid cover comes with the screaming headline: HALLE & DAVID - DIVORCE!

BACK TO THE SCOUTING ROOM -

BILLY (CONT'D)
Except he doesn't anymore. What he has now is a movie star ex-wife, 36 candles on his birthday cake and an owner willing to eat half his salary if someone will just take him off his hands.

GRADY
And why do we want to be the ones to do that?

BILLY points at PAUL--

PAUL
He gets on base.

GRADY
And who the fuck are you?

PAUL
I really have to go through this again?

BILLY
(putting up the third name)
Scott Hatteberg.

HEATH
Who?

BILLY
Exactly. He sounds like an Oakland A already. Six years with Boston, one with Colorado. A very good catching prospect until a ruptured nerve created some problems with his arm.

GRADY
What kind of problems?

CUT TO--

Scott Hatteberg in a Red Sox uniform leaps from his catching crouch to throw out a base stealer. The ball bounces two times before it reaches 2nd--the runner safe by a mile.

BACK TO THE SCOUTING ROOM--

BILLY
But we don't want him for his arm anymore than we wanted Giambi for his.

HOPKINS
He's a career .270 hitter.

BILLY
He can't hit and he can't field, but what <u>can</u> he do?
(beat)
Look at the piece of paper or I'm going to point at Paul.

The scouts consult their spreadsheets and then answer half-heartedly--

SCOUTS
He can get--

BILLY
He can get on base.

GRADY
Alright, he walks a lot.

BILLY
He gets on base a lot, tiny. Do I care if it's a walk or a hit?
(beat)
Paul?

PAUL
You do not.

BILLY
I do not.

GRADY
These three players, by your own admission, are defective in one way or another.

BILLY
Yeah.

GRADY
You want to replace Jason Giambi with not one but three defective players?

BILLY
Yes.

Some of the scouts look over in Paul's direction, no doubt wondering if he's had something to do with this. Paul gives a half-wave.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Alright, I'm going to explain what we're doing here in terms so plain and clear as to command their assent.
(beat--then)
Paul?

Paul looks at Billy and kind of shakes his head to say "I don't know what you want me to say".

BILLY (CONT'D)
Great.
(beat)
I believe scouts make critical mistakes.

And everyone reacts...

GRADY
Is this Bill James bullshit?

BILLY
You can call it Billy Beane bullshit now. We're going to assemble a team that does one thing--get on base. And we're going to do it with players who've been undervalued because they do not possess the things that make scouts happy.

GRADY
Athletic talent?

BILLY
In some cases, but mostly...? They don't look like baseball players. *

WASHINGTON
Billy, I understand what you're saying about the three averages, but none of the three play first base. *

BILLY
Funny you should mention that, Wash, because you're our new first base teacher.

WASHINGTON
You want me to teach first base at the major league level?

BILLY
No, this guy's never played first base at any level.

WASHINGTON
Which guy?

EXT. GOLD COURSE - TACOMA - NIGHT

A wet-greens flag hangs limp against its pole. The windows of the houses that line the fairway are dark. Except one.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A Christmas tree. Four stockings hanging from the mantle. There's a relentless ticking as we see signs of small children--an Elmo DVD, an American Girl doll--and then some trophies on a bookcase along with several catcher's mitts and baseballs in lucite display boxes. Finally, the oppressive grandfather clock.

The parents listen to the ticking clock. They're staring at the phone. The clock chimes midnight and they look to make sure that that's what time it is. Then back to the phone that's not ringing.

They regard each other. Neither speaks. When the phone has remained silent long enough to mean bad news, Scott Hatteberg gets up.

SCOTT
I'm going to bed. You should too.

His wife nods with a manufactured smile she hopes convinces them both that 'it'll be okay', but neither buys it. As Her washed-up ballplayer husband trudges up the stairs, the phone rings.

He comes back down. Looks at the phone. Looks at his wife. Picks it up.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Hello?

BILLY (VO)
Scott?

SCOTT
Yes?

BILLY (VO)
It's Billy Beane. Oakland A's.

Scott was expecting that it would be someone else...

SCOTT
Yes?

BILLY (VO)
Can we talk?

SCOTT
Yes.

BILLY (VO)
You want to invite me in?

SCOTT
What?

BILLY (VO)
I'm outside. I can see you in the window.

Scott goes to the window and cups his hands against the glass to see outside.

ELIZABETH
Honey?

Two silhouettes are standing on the edge of the fairway. One of them waves.

INT. SCOTT HATTEBERG'S HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

Elizabeth is putting out some cookies shaped like stars and bells for the late-night guests: Billy and Ron Washington.

BILLY
Thank you, ma'am.

WASHINGTON
Thank you, ma'am.

She leaves her husband with the two men but listens in on their conversation from the next room, nibbling on a cookie of her own.

Billy produces a baseball from his windbreaker and hands it to Scott. Scott can only manage to grip the baseball like a claw. Washington looks to heaven.

BILLY
How's the elbow?

SCOTT
Good. Real good. It's great.
(fuck it)
I can't throw at all.

BILLY
Yeah, don't worry about it. You've thrown your last baseball from behind the plate. I want you at first.

Scott is so thrown by this that all he can do is stare at Billy. Then at Washington, who's shrug tells Scott "This wasn't my idea."

SCOTT
I've only ever played catcher.

BILLY
You're not a catcher anymore. If you were, then mine wouldn't have been the only call you got when your contract expired at midnight.

SCOTT
I appreciate it but--

BILLY
You're welcome.

SCOTT
You see--

BILLY
You don't know how to play first base.

SCOTT
That's right.

BILLY
It's not that hard. Tell him, Wash.

WASHINGTON
It's <u>incredibly</u> hard!

BILLY
Anything worth doing is. Wash is gonna teach you.

SCOTT
Wait a minute, what about--

BILLY
Jason's gone, Scott.

SCOTT
I'm taking Giambi's spot at first? What about the fans?

WASHINGTON
Yeah, maybe I can teach one of <u>them</u>.

BILLY
The fans don't run--
(to WASHINGTON)
--good one--
(back to SCOTT)
--the fans don't run my ball club.

SCOTT
They're gonna hate me.

WASHINGTON
No, they're gonna hate <u>him</u>.

BILLY
The fans love me.

WASHINGTON
No they don't.

BILLY
Deep down.

WASHINGTON
No.

BILLY
Way deep down.

WASHINGTON
No.

BILLY
Okay.

BILLY takes a contract out of his windbreaker and sets it on the table next to the cookies.

BILLY (CONT'D)
This is a contract to play baseball with the Oakland A's. A copy's on its way to your agent. Discuss it with him in the morning and let me know.
(They get up and Billy calls off)
Thanks for the cookies, ma'am.

We see ELIZABETH with tears running down her face...then go back to the living room--

ELIZABETH (O.S.)
You're welcome.

BILLY
(on his way out)
Merry Christmas.

EXT. PARK - TACOMA - NEXT DAY

A Little League field--the home of the Kool Kats. Elizabeth Hatteberg is at the plate with a laundry hamper full of baseballs, a batting tee and her younger daughter in a stroller. Her older daughter is down the first base line backing up her father at first base.

As Elizabeth whacks grounders off the tee, Billy and Washington watch unseen from a parked rental car. A ball takes a bad hop and hits Scott in the chest. Another goes between his legs and rolls to his 4 year-old daughter who scoops it up.

WASHINGTON
Maybe you should sign <u>her</u>.

BILLY
No revolution has ever started well.

WASHINGTON
Hardly any of them have ended well.

BILLY
(pause)
Daughters are great.
(beat)
I'm gonna go see mine.

EXT./INT. SAN DIEGO HOUSE - DAY

SHARON answers the door.

BILLY
Hi.

SHARON
Hi, Billy.

She opens the door to let him in.

BILLY
Is she home?

SHARON
You think I'm listening to that?

She's talking about the muffled power chords of "London's Calling" coming from a bedroom upstairs.

BILLY
You used to.

SHARON
(calling)
Casey! Dad's here!

Their daughter--a 13 year-old indie-rock girl comes bounding down the stairs and gives her father a huge hug.

INT. SAN DIEGO HOUSE - LATER

CASEY's curled up with BILLY on a couch next to a twinkling Christmas tree. His ex-wife and her boyfriend share another couch, holding hands.

SHARON
How's the team shaping up?

BILLY
We lost Damon and Giambi.

BOYFRIEND
I heard. Boston and the Yankees.

BILLY
Yeah.

BOYFRIEND
That's a real torpedo shot to the gut.

BILLY
Yeah.

BOYFRIEND
How does Schott expect you to win?

BILLY
Score more runs than the other team. *

BOYFRIEND
Or you could just work for the other team.

SHARON
(quieting him)
Honey.

BOYFRIEND
No one should have to have lived through that nightmare in New York, am I right, Billy? And now your only good players are gone--

BILLY
Players move on.
(beat)
Am I right, Sharon?

Sharon knows he's talking about their marriage...

BOYFRIEND
It was hard to watch.

BILLY
Yeah.

INT. GUITAR CENTER - LA MESA - DAY

The place reverberates with metalhead kids mimicking Kirk Hammet on Ibanezes while Casey tries out a Fender Strat.

BILLY
Honey, you know what a douche bag is, right?

CASEY
He had a point, actually.

BILLY
Really?

CASEY
Why not go to a team that has money?

BILLY
The same reason I didn't break into a home run trot when I went yard on a freshman. I like a fair fight.

CASEY
You're not in a fair fight.

BILLY
Don't worry about me.

CASEY
I go on the internet.

BILLY
Don't do that.

CASEY
The shit they say about you.

BILLY
And don't use that word unless you want a career on an off-shore oil rig.

CASEY
Dad--

BILLY
Don't go on the internet, I'm not kidding. And don't listen to the radio. Or watch TV or read newspapers. Or talk, you know...to people. *

CASEY
Are you staying here because of me?

BILLY
There are a lot of reasons to be where I am.

CASEY
Name one.

BILLY
You.

CASEY
Daddy?

BILLY
Yes ma'am.

CASEY
If nobody else wants you, you can tell me.

And this is about as low as it gets for a grown man...

BILLY
(pause)
Casey...Casey, if I catch you worrying about me, I'm going to kill you. Or at the very least, trade you. Ask around about me, I'll do it. You're a kid, I'm your father, I worry about you, that's how it works. You like that guitar?

CASEY
Yes!

BILLY
Merry Christmas.

INT. OAKLAND COLISEUM - DAY

In the subterranean video room--an even less elegant place than the rest of the stadium--someone has put up a scraggly Christmas tree. PAUL watches a tape of a minor leaguer on the Lowell Spinners, a Single-A Boston affiliate. BILLY comes in.

PAUL
How'd it go?

BILLY
He can barely hold a baseball but he's ours now.

BILLY sits and says nothing, which is uncharacteristic.

PAUL
What's wrong?

BILLY
Nothing. Who's that?

PAUL
Kevin Youkilis. He gets on base more than anyone in baseball except Barry Bonds. I tried to get Mark Shapiro to draft him last June. He said he waddled like a duck.

BILLY
(pause)
He does waddle like a duck!

Paul looks at Billy to remind him what they do and don't care about.

BILLY (CONT'D)
But we don't care. Right. Paul, there's a difference between losing and being a laughing stock.

PAUL
Is that a distinction you care about anymore?

BILLY
(beat)
You want me to try and get him?

PAUL
Boston took him.

BILLY
Then what are you wasting my time for?

PAUL
You came in here.

GRADY (OS)
Billy?

PAUL
You sure you're alright?

GRADY
Can I talk to you a minute?

BILLY
(to GRADY)
Yeah.
(to PAUL)
Yeah.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

GRADY closes the video room door for privacy. The only other person in sight is manager Art Howe, in his office in street clothes. He shuts his windowed door so Grady and Billy can talk in confidence.

GRADY
Your boy and I had a talk while you were in Tacoma. I didn't like much of what I heard.

BILLY
No?

GRADY
No. You got a kid in there with a Harvard economics degree and a scout out here with 29 years baseball experience and you're listening to the wrong one.

BILLY
If there's anything you should know by now it's that I don't listen to anyone.

GRADY
This isn't a fuckin' joke.

BILLY
Alright.

GRADY
This isn't how you put a team together. Scouting's more than science. It's intuition. It's eating at Denny's twice a day and sleeping at a Motel 6 every night. It's 200,000 miles on a Ford Focus and a 14 hour drive to East Nowhere to see a kid that some guy told you has a twelve-to-six curve. *

BILLY
I know you feel that way. I know you've sentimentalized it. You want ballplayers to look like ballplayers. You've romanticized it but that's what the fans are supposed to do. I'm romantic about winning. And I'm telling you, batting average, home runs, RBI's-- *

GRADY
--is how people like me have judged potential for 150 years.

BILLY
You have any idea how long people thought the sun revolved around the earth? To your eyes it looks like that's what's happening. * * *

GRADY
You're saying everybody's been wrong? Everybody?

BILLY
Yes. Maybe.
(deciding)
Yes, I've thought so my whole life. And now we're gonna see if I'm--

GRADY
--we're gonna see if you're right?! This is about you and your shit? Some scouts from 20 years ago called it wrong, okay? They thought you were a ballplayer and you weren't. As you know, it happens. Don't take it out on--

BILLY
(snapping)
You ever once step into a batter's box, dickless?!

GRADY
I'm saying--

BILLY
You're not saying anything to me right now!
(beat)
We're shopping in a new store--full of complicated statistical analysis and equations and I get that it all makes you feel useless but--

GRADY
I'm not useless.

BILLY
I said "makes you <u>feel</u> useless".
(beat)
On base percentage. Our best chance to score on our budget isn't getting a 6'4" Adonis to the plate, it's getting a 5'10" washout who's already at first base.

GRADY
(pause)
May I speak?

BILLY
Yes.

GRADY
Major League Baseball and its fans will be happy to crucify you and Sancho Panza if you keep doing what you're doing here. Major League Baseball thinks the way I think. You're not gonna win. And I'll give you a nickle's worth of free advice. You're making it impossible for yourself to get another job once Schott fires you after this catastrophic season you're setting us all up for.

BILLY
I'm gonna miss you, Grady.

GRADY
Go fuck yourself.

GRADY takes off.

CUT TO:

EXT. MINOR LEAGUE STADIUM - DAY

BILLY's at the plate, a batting helmet snug around his head as a 97 mph fastball buzzes by him and the umpire calls--

UMPIRE
Striiike!

TITLE:

1984
Mets Spring Training Game

Billy steps out of the box, taps the dirt off his cleats and steps back in.

A woman, SHARON, with a little baby girl, is sitting in field level seats, looking on nervously and trying not to show it.

The pitcher gets the sign, winds up...

A batter can fly out, ground out, strike out or strike out looking bad and Billy's just done the last. He half-swings at the breaking ball, holding his swing at the last minute.

The catcher and plate umpire both point down to first base for the call and the first base umpire makes a fist in the air, indicating that Billy swung.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)
Striiike!

And Billy's out. *

SHARON holds her head in her hands and Billy walks back to the * dugout, passing a player with "DYKSTRA" on his back as the * player steps up to the plate. *

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

BILLY and PAUL are having a drink.

BILLY
I roomed with Lenny Dykstra on the road. *
Lenny didn't let his mind screw him up.
Only a psychological freak can stand in
on a Steve Carleton fastball that's a few
inches from his head.

PAUL
(helping)
You're a psychological freak.

BILLY
Not enough of one.

PAUL *
Don't sell yourself short, Billy. *

BILLY *
Dykstra was--*shut up*--able to instantly *
forget any failure. He had no concept of
failure.

PAUL *
Lenny Dykstra had the IQ of cheese, he *
had no concept of the alphabet. *

BILLY *
He had no concept of failure. I was the *
opposite. What round would you have
drafted him?

PAUL *
I'd have taken him with my first pick in
the first.

BILLY
The Mets took him with their second pick
in the thirteenth. And he went on to
start in center and win the '86 World
Series. He's got a ring the size of a
nectarine.

PAUL
Chances are he doesn't know where it is. *

Billy drains his drink. *

BILLY *
(beat)
You'll text me after each play.

PAUL
What do you mean?

BILLY
I'll get the pitching chart after. Just text me after each play.

PAUL
Why?

BILLY
I don't watch the games.

PAUL
Is this a joke?

BILLY shakes his head "no". Paul gestures "What the fuck are you talking about?"

BILLY
I don't know what you're miming.

PAUL
I'm miming "You don't watch the games?!"

BILLY
I don't want to know the players. I've already been in Scott Hatteberg's house and seen his kids.

PAUL
Have you thought about therapy?

BILLY
This is my team. And they're gonna take the field tomorrow. They're world class athletes who are fighting for their lives and I stand with them. Except not literally so I need you to text me after each play.

TITLE:

Part III
No. It Turns Out It Was Only Crazy Enough to be Crazy

EXT. OAKLAND COLISEUM - DAY

A towering portrait of David Justice has been painted where Jason Giambi used to be. A spattering of die hard fans files under it and through the turnstiles.

LEGEND:

April 4, 2002
Opening Day

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Billy sits in his car with sports talk radio on.

HOST #1 (FROM RADIO)
With the departure of head scout Grady Fuson and a roster that reads more like an obituary page than a baseball team, you have to wonder what Billy Beane is thinking.

HOST #2 (FROM RADIO)
He's not saying.

HOST #1 (FROM RADIO)
Well he can get away with that as long as this house of Tarot Cards stands, but if he fails, as he will, he's not only going to have to answer, he's going to have to answer <u>for</u> it.

BILLY
Those two things meant the same thing. "Answer" and "Answer for it". Stating the obvious as if it's profound, I hate that. Also talking to myself in the middle of a parking lot, I should stop.

EXT. DUGOUT/FIELD - DAY

David Justice and some of the other players are signing autographs for mostly kids sticking balls and caps over the railing.

Scott Hatteberg is sitting in the dugout, hoping nobody notices he's alive.

DAVID
Hattie. Come out and sign some baseballs.

Hattie waves him off with a forced smile.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Come on out. Come on.

Scott steps gingerly out of the dugout and faces the crowd by the rail.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Scott Hatteberg everybody.

Nobody cares, they want David Justice. Scott goes back in the dugout.

EXT. VIP SECTION - DAY

Filled with players' wives. Elizabeth Hatteberg doesn't know any of them.

WIFE
(to ELIZABETH)
Which one's your husband?

ELIZABETH
Scott Hatteberg. I'm Elizabeth.

WIFE
Does he work in the front office?

ELIZABETH
No, he's on the team.

And as the A's trot out to their positions, cheers erupt and we hear the A's Voice of God PA Announcer.

VOICE OF GOD
And now...Youuuur 2002 Oakland Athletics! Leading off, playing left field, number 7, Jer-e-my Giam-bi!

Amidst polite applause, someone yells out--

FAN
Your brother's a sellout!

VOICE OF GOD
Hitting second, playing second base, number 11, Frank Mene-chinooo!

The fan stays on Jeremy--

FAN
Jeremy! I got a doobie for you right here!

Jeremy heard both remarks but stays upbeat.

VOICE OF GOD
Batting third, the designated hitter, Scott Hatt-e-berg!

ELIZABETH
They didn't start him at first.

Billy's in the tunnel--

BILLY
(to no one)
He didn't start him at first. You really want to fuck with me on a one year contract, Art? I'm talking to myself again.

Billy disappears and we

CUT TO:

INT. WEIGHT ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Bathed in sweat and in better shape than most of his players, Billy's doing bench presses with a muted TV showing ESPN's coverage of the A's opening day loss. Art Howe comes in.

ART
You wanted to see me?

BILLY
Why wasn't Hatteberg at first?

ART
Because he can't play first.

BILLY
How do you know?

ART
Not my first baseball game. *

BILLY
Art--

ART
He can't hit. Scott Hatteberg can't hit.

BILLY
He gets on base.

ART
Anything else?

BILLY
I would have rather seen Chad Bradford in there at the end than Magnante.

ART
Bradford's a--

BILLY
I don't care about righty/lefty.

ART
I do.

BILLY
This is about your contract?

ART
No, you've made it clear what you think about that. This is about you doing your job and me doing mine. Mine's being left alone to manage the beer league team you assembled for me.

BILLY
I didn't assemble them for you, I assembled them for me.

ART
No shit. Is that all?

BILLY
That's all.

ART turns to leave and BILLY heaves the barbell against the wall where it crashes to the ground.

ART
What the hell was that?!

BILLY
Therapy.

THE SEAMS OF A BASEBALL

Spin as a pitch comes at us. David Justice swings and misses.

THE REPLACEMENTS' song, "Alex Chilton", bangs in and continues over--

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

A plane lifts off the runway, beginning an A's roadtrip.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

David Justice is sitting next to Paul.

DAVID
How come your boss doesn't travel with the team?

PAUL
He doesn't like to mingle with the players.

DAVID
Makes us easier to cut?

PAUL doesn't say anything...

DAVID (CONT'D)
How come soda costs a dollar in the clubhouse?

PAUL
Billy likes to keep the money on the field.

DAVID
Soda money?

PAUL doesn't say anything...

DAVID (CONT'D)
What the hell are you drinking?

PAUL
Cherry Vanilla Diet Dr. Pepper. I travel with my own. *

DAVID
I'm done asking questions now.

INT. OAKLAND AIRPORT - DAY

Billy's waiting for someone. He glances at the front of the sports section which announces "A's Drop 5th in a Row".

He spots CASEY hurrying toward him. He gives her a hug and tosses the paper.

EXT. EDISON FIELD - DAY

David Justice grounds into a double play to end the game.

RADIO ANNOUNCER
And Justice hits into the 6-4-3 double play to end the game...

The Angels trot on the field to high-five each other.

INT. DINER - DAY

Billy and Casey are having milkshakes. Billy's phone buzzes. He looks at it. "6-4-3 DP."

BILLY
Excuse me a second, I'm just gonna use the mens room.

INT. MENS ROOM - DAY

Billy comes in and immediately starts punching the paper towel dispenser until it's completely dented in.

Over the following we hear a cacophony of radio and TV voices tumbling into each other--

VOICES (VO)
With the A's getting off to a miserable start/13 of their last 20/17 of their 25/BillyBeaneMustGo.Com/How much more do we have to endure?/This Jerk/This clown/This jackass/Should be killed/Should be taken out and killed/etc.

CUT TO:

A chair flying across Billy's office.

CUT TO:

Billy walking down the street, looking at his cell phone, then kicking over a trash can.

CUT TO:

A computer flying out of Billy's office window.

CUT TO:

A chair being broken into kindling.

CUT TO:

Billy's car driving in circles around the empty Oakland Coliseum parking lot. Baseball bats start flying out of the sun roof.

CUT TO:

INT. OAKLAND AIRPORT - DAY

Billy is saying goodbye to Casey.

BILLY
Thanks for the mix-tape.

CASEY
Thanks for mine.

BILLY
Be good. Say hi to mom.

CASEY
I love you.

BILLY
You're doing it right now.

CASEY
What?

BILLY
You're worrying about me.

CASEY
You're in last place.

BILLY
Do I look like I'm worried?

CASEY
Yeah.

BILLY
'Cause you're getting on an airplane and those things crash all the time. Will you please stop worrying about your father? You're a kid, I can't have it.

CASEY
Okay. Can I worry about the airplane now though? *

BILLY
Absolutely. Go.

CASEY gives him a wave as she goes off through security. Billy's phone buzzes and he looks at it.

3-2. Magnante in.

BILLY (CONT'D)
(shouting)
I DON'T WANT MAGNANTE IN THERE, ART!

Everyone in the area stops to look at the madman.

BILLY (CONT'D)
(to the people looking at him) *
No no. I'm alright. *

INT. SCHOTT'S HOUSE - DAY

It's a beautiful mansion overlooking the bay. Billy and Paul sit with their owner watching the news.

SPORTSCASTER
Up in Toronto, a town not used to winning, Blue Jays fans bid a tearful farewell to the A's after last night's 11-0 pistol-whipping. Having dropped 13 of 16, along with their shoulders, chins and several double-play balls, the A's return home to Oakland and very likely a stern lecture.

Schott mutes the set but the silence is almost worse.

BILLY
(pause)
It's still early.

SCHOTT
Not that early. What's happening here with this--I'll be kind and call it a system.

BILLY
We've got some guys who are nervous and we've got some guys who are cold, but that's not the problem.

SCHOTT
What's the problem?

BILLY
We've got Art.

SCHOTT
This can't go on. Do something.

INT. OAKLAND COLISEUM - EVENING

The A's are taking batting practice. Art, as he always does, is watching not from the railing but from the bench.

Billy walks into the dugout without saying hello.

BILLY
We're not gonna lose three at home to Texas. I want Dye in right, Justice DH-ing, Pena on the bench and Hatteberg at first and anyone but Magnante first out of the pen. *

ART
You want Pena on the bench? *

BILLY
That's right.

ART
(pause)
I'll certainly consider it, Billy.

Billy takes that as the "no" that it is.

ART (CONT'D)
(beat)
Anything else?

BILLY
(pause)
Yeah. When you sit your ass in the dugout for an entire game you look like Joey Bag-o-Donuts at the dog track. Stand at the railing like a manager. *

And if it wasn't already, now it's on. Art pulls himself up off the bench and stands at the railing.

ART
You want me to watch the game the way you do in the parking lot? Or in the weight room, which one?

BILLY
(beat)
Arthur? Hatteberg at first.

INT. WEIGHT ROOM - LATER

Billy's lifting as he listens to the announcers on the TV--

ANNOUNCER
--and Pena taking his position at first base for the A's--

EXT. OAKLAND COLISEUM - LATER - NIGHT

The Rangers bench clears to high-five the players coming off the field.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

It's just like any other night as far as Jeremy Giambi is concerned. He's got a DVD of "The Natural" playing on a small TV and he's humming along with the score as he gets dressed.

Billy walks in and it's unusual for the players to see him there.

Art, standing in his office, sees Billy through the window blinds.

Jeremy Giambi isn't aware that Billy's there--he's into the movie--and shouts--

JEREMY
Go Hobbs!

BILLY
(evenly)
Jeremy?

JEREMY turns to see his boss standing there. The other players are silent and watching.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Is losing fun?

JEREMY
(nervous laugh)
What?

BILLY
Getting swept by the Rangers at home. Is that fun?

JEREMY
No.

BILLY
Then what the fuck are you having fun for?!

Jeremy concedes the point and turns down the movie score a little. He looks over to find Billy still staring at him.

He turns it down some more. Billy still stares. Jeremy switches it off.

Billy lets the silence hang for a while...

BILLY (CONT'D)
That's what losing sounds like.

This had just been between Billy and Jeremy but now Billy sees the whole room--the whole team--and that everyone is either looking at him or at the floor.

Billy knows he's just destroyed what little confidence these guys had in the first place. *

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Billy sits in his car, still thinking about what he just did.

INT. BILLY'S CONDOMINIUM - LATER

Billy's laying in bed in his pajama bottoms watching the night's sports re-cap.

COMMENTATOR
When a science experiment fails in a lab, things blow up. When it fails at the Oakland Coliseum, guess what, same result. *

The smack down continues on the TV as Tara comes out of the bathroom wearing lingerie.

TARA
Hey.

BILLY
Hey.

TARA
Can I take your mind off the game?

BILLY
You'd really think so, wouldn't you.

TARA smiles...it's okay...

TARA
Maybe some other time.

Billy looks at her and takes her in...

BILLY
No.
(beat)
No, not some other time. Look at you. You look like a really expensive call girl.

TARA
Billy--

BILLY
In the good way. I want to have sex. I want to have sex right now. I'm calling Paul.

TARA
What?

BILLY
(dialing)
That wasn't the best sentence construction in the world but just--hang on--
(finished dialing)
--you really do look like a thousand bucks an hour.

TARA
I hardly know what to say. Or what to hit you with.

BILLY
(into phone)
Paul?

INTERCUT WITH:

PAUL'S APARTMENT

PAUL
Billy?

BILLY
You should see how good my wife looks right now.

TARA
Oh God--

BILLY
My 14 year old daughter feels sorry for me and my smoking hot wife can't get my attention even though she's really slutted herself up in nice way.

TARA
I'm changing now.

BILLY
I can't tell him who to play but you know what I can do? Dramatically limit his choices.

PAUL
What time is it?

BILLY
It's time to stop losing.

TITLE:

Part IV
She Did Look Good But That's Not The Point

INT. BILLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Billy, Paul and Billy's Secretary are working the phones. This is what Billy does better than anything else.

SHAPIRO (V.O.)
(from speaker phone)
There's half a million on Lilly's contract and at least one other suitor.

BILLY
By at least one you mean one, who is it?

SHAPIRO (V.O.)
I'd rather not say.

PAUL
(whispering)
Detroit.

Billy points to the secretary, indicating that she should get Detroit on the phone--

BILLY
I'll call you back.
(to PAUL)
What's left on German's contract?

PAUL
Two-seventy-five.

SECRETARY
You've got Sabean.

BILLY
(hitting a button on the phone)
Sabes. Billy. You want Franklyn German, I can let you have him for two-seventy-five.

SABEAN (V.O.)
Why would you do that?

BILLY
I'm stupid. Because you're gonna send Jeff Weaver to the Yankees. I'll call you back.
(hangs up--to the secretary)
Cashman.

PAUL
Carlos is on track for Rookie of the Year, Billy, people are gonna be mad.

BILLY
They're already burning me in effigy, how much madder can they get?

PAUL
They can burn you <u>not</u> in eff--

SECREATRY
Brian Cashman.

BILLY
Get me Detroit again.
(into phone)
It's Billy, and this is your very lucky day.

BRIAN (O.S.)
(from speaker)
Why am I so lucky today?

BILLY
You're gonna get Jeff Weaver.

BRIAN (O.S.)
(from speaker)
You don't have Jeff Weaver.

BILLY
I know, but <u>you</u> will once you send me Ted Lilly, Griffin and Arnold.

BRIAN (O.S.)
(speaker)
And what does Detroit get?

BILLY
Franklyn German.

BRIAN (O.S.)
(speaker)
That's all?

BILLY
They're also going to get a very good rookie first baseman.

BRIAN (O.S.)
(pause--realizes)
Oh...shit...Billy, don't do it.

BILLY
It's done, I'll call you back.

SECRETARY
Detroit.

BILLY
(into phone)
It's done. But I want you to throw in something for me.

SABEAN (V.O.)
(speaker)
I knew there had to be a catch.

BILLY
Free soda.

SABEAN (V.O.)
(beat)
What?

BILLY
Fill my soda machine once a week for a year.

PAUL
Three years.

BILLY
Three years.

SABEAN (V.O.)
Two years.

BILLY
Deal's off.

SABEAN (V.O.)
Three years.

BILLY
And there's gotta be Diet Vanilla--

PAUL
Cherry Vanilla Diet Dr. Pepper.

BILLY
Cherry Vanilla Diet Dr. Pepper.

SABEAN (V.O.)
What the--

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The players are changing for batting practice as Billy and Paul walk through to Art's office and enter without knocking.

BILLY
You can't start Pena at first tonight, you'll have to start Hatteberg.

ART
I don't want to go 15 rounds, Billy, the line-up card is mine.

BILLY
The line-up card is definitely yours, I'm just saying you can't start Pena at first.

ART
I <u>am</u> starting Pena at first.

BILLY
I don't think so, he plays for the Detroit Tigers now.

ART
You traded Pena?!

BILLY
I told him an hour ago. Next time you're the one giving the news.

ART
You are outside your fucking mind.

BILLY
Maybe so, but I made love to my wife last night and it was <u>great</u>!

ART
(to Paul)
What the hell is he--

PAUL
(sheepish but helpful)
She was wearing lingerie and--

BILLY
(calling out)
Scottie H.!

Billy's walked out into the locker room--

SCOTT
Yes sir.

BILLY
Go out and field some grounders.

SCOTT
Oh God. Please don't do this. *

BILLY
Already done. Everybody! Good afternoon. You may not look like a winning team. In fact, you look nothing like a winning team. But you are one. Play like one. You'll get further instructions tomorrow.

CUT TO:

BILL JAMES

He's in a real office now--with a view--at a company he part owns: STATS, Inc. *

BILL JAMES
Like Henry Chadwick's other statistics, the error was conceived in a bygone time that has little to do with how baseball is played today.

EXT. OAKLAND COLISEUM - AFTERNOON

A fielding coach is watching Hatteberg take practice grounders at first. He has to dive to his right, grab the ball and toss it to second for the first leg of a double play. The ball keeps sailing wide of the second baseman or over his head. Other players are watching this along with Billy.

BILL JAMES (VO)
Back then, when outfields went unmowed and infields ungroomed, a ball hit more than a few feet from a fielder on leave from the Civil War was unplayable. A simple pop fly was an adventure.

Billy gets in there and shows Hatteberg how to come up to his knees for balance before making the throw.

BILLY *
Okay? And be sociable out there? *

HATTEBERG *
I'm sorry? *

BILLY *
You're the first baseman, you're the * greeter, be sociable, it messes with * their head. *

EXT. OAKLAND COLISEUM - NIGHT

The game is on. It's the Yankees, who have a runner--Derek Jeter, a superstar--at first base as Jason Giambi steps into * the batter's box.

HATTEBERG
(gives it a try) *
How are you? *

DEREK JETER
(beat) *
What? *

HATTEBERG
I'm Scott Hatteberg. *

DEREK JETER *
Derek Jeter. *

HATTEBERG *
I'm a big fan. *

DEREK JETER *
Are you just messing with my head? *

HATTEBERG *
Is it working? *

DEREK JETER *
A little bit. *

BILL JAMES (V.O.) *
But a century and a half later, Chadwick's error is still used to value players when anyone with cognitive ability can tell you it's a fairly trivial detail.

Hatteberg jumps as Giambi fouls off a pitch into the stands.

BILL JAMES (CONT'D)
It's the subjective opinion of an observer--of what he thinks should have been accomplished. It's isn't a statistic if it's a moral judgement.

And CRACK--Giambi hits a bullet to Hatteberg's right. Hatteberg stabs it, comes to his knees the way Billy showed him, hits the shortstop right on target as he's coming across second and the shortstop sends it back to the pitcher covering first for a double play.

The crowd cheers wildly. Hatteberg has the look of a kid who's just done something right for the first time in his life. His teammates give him high-fives as they head for the dugout.

INT. WEIGHT ROOM - SAME TIME

Billy's blackberry buzzes. "3-6-1 DP!"

BILLY
Yes.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Billy, freshly showered, is buttoning up his shirt and putting on his tie as he walks through the locker room after a win.

BILLY
Three in a row, boys! It's rainin' men, hallelujah.

LONG
Mr. Beane.

BILLY
Billy's fine.

LONG
Billy--

BILLY
Nah, make it Mr. Beane.

LONG
Mr. Beane--

BILLY
I'm screwin' with you, T.

LONG
Art says no more steals.

BILLY
That's right.

LONG
That's what you pay me to do.

BILLY
I pay you to get on first, not get thrown out at second.

LONG
I don't get thrown out much.

BILLY
I don't hit 16 at the blackjack table but if I did the odds of success would be roughly the same. *

CHAVEZ
Billy--

BILLY
Yes sir.

CHAVEZ
Art says no more bunts.

BILLY
A bunt is an out.

CHAVEZ
It's a sacrifice out.

BILLY
It's for pitchers and weak hitters. You're not a pitcher so what are you telling me? *

ELLIS
Art says we have to walk more.

BILLY
I'm blinded by Art's genius.

ELLIS
How much more?

BILLY
At least once every 10 at-bats.

ELLIS
Or?

BILLY
Else.

The jokey atmosphere has given way to silence as everyone realizes Billy is dead serious.

ELLIS
(pause)
Walking's for little bitches, Mr. Beane.

BILLY
Is that right?

TEJADA
We got a saying in the Dominican, Billy. You don't walk off the island.

BILLY
That's a good one. I've got a saying too. Triple-A Sacramento is just a strike out away.

The players stare at him...

BILLY (CONT'D)
I'm not interested in what you think you know about baseball or what you think I don't know about it. I'm not interested in guys or heart or determination or anything else the fans or your mothers or a Disney movie thinks you're supposed to have. I am interested in you *getting on base!* If you don't, we lose, if you do, we win.

Meeting's over. The players disassemble in quiet disbelief. Only David Justice sticks around.

JUSTICE
I've never seen a GM talk to players.

BILLY
You've never seen a GM who was a player.

JUSTICE
By player, you mean a guy who didn't make it as a player.

BILLY gives JUSTICE a cool look that says "You really want to do this?"

JUSTICE (CONT'D)
It's okay, man. I know your routine. It's a patter, it's rap, it's for effect. That's okay. But it's for them, it's not for me.

BILLY
You're special?

JUSTICE
You're paying me 7 million bucks so I guess I am a little.

BILLY
As a matter of fact I'm not paying you 7 million bucks, David. The Yankees are paying half your salary. That's what the New York Yankees think of you. They're paying you three and a half million dollars to play against them.
(can't help laughing a little)
That's awesome.
(serious again)
Now if it were me, I'd want to take the three-point-five and shove it up their ass every time I played them. But I'm a fucking competitor. What about you?

JUSTICE looks at BILLY and stalks off.

PAUL has been standing behind BILLY the whole time...

PAUL
Good pep talk.

BILLY
Felt good, thanks.

The synthesized organ intro of The Who's "Won't Get Fooled Again" begins and carries over a montage of the A's winning.

David Justice takes ball four, tosses his bat to the side and trots down to first base.

CUT TO:

TEJADA is on first and taking a big lead toward second. He wants to steal it bad.

ANNOUNCER (VO)
Tejada taking a big lead off first, eyeing the steal--

Billy, in his car, mutters to himself--

BILLY
Don't do it, Miguel.

And CRACK--a base hit sends Tejada to 3rd.

Billy's blackberry buzzes:

Sngl to lft. Frst and thrd--nobody out.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Thank you.

The wheels of the team jet lift off--

INT. WEIGHT ROOM - NIGHT

Billy and Paul are watching on TV.

BILL KING (TV)
You got to hand it to Art Howe. He's managing this unorthodox team in an unorthodox way. They are not bunting. They are not stealing. They are just winning. And Art Howe is the reason.

PAUL
Art's a visionary.

BILLY
You ready for tomorrow?

PAUL
Yeah. Listen--

BILLY
Baseball's the only sport that drafts in the middle of the season.

PAUL
I found a pitcher nobody else is looking at. He can't find the strike zone with a GPS but I went to a game and his last 10 pitches were hotter than his first 10.

BILLY
What school?

PAUL
Look--

BILLY
What school?

PAUL
(beat)
Our Lady of Pompeii.

BILLY
I don't draft high school kids.

PAUL
I clocked him at 98.

BILLY
Then set him up with a NASCAR team 'cause I don't draft kids out of high school.

PAUL
(pause)
I'm gonna figure out what happened with you.

BILLY
Good luck with that, Dr. Phil. I'll see you at the draft.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOUTING ROOM - DAY

The white boards show over three-hundred names on magnetic strips under the headings Pitchers, Catchers, Outfielders, Infielders.

All the scouts are in the room and working the phones with the centerpiece being one speakerphone in the middle of the room.

The scouts' clipboards are stuffed with paper--much of it with handwritten notes, and from time to time they'll signal to one another some kind of language we can't understand.

SPEAKERPHONE
Pittsburg. Redraft Number 0090.
Bullington, Bryan.

The activity has stopped long enough to hear that and some of the scouts mutter something along the lines of, "Knew it/Coulda called that/They took the righty, etc."

SPEAKERPHONE (CONT'D)
Right-handed pitcher. Ball State University. Fisher, Indiana.

TITLE:

2002 Amateur Draft

PITTARO
Chicago's on the clock.

BILLY
(calling out)
Newberry?

BOGARD
Competitive Drive--one out of ten, Leadership--one out of ten. Conscientiousness--one out of--

BILLY
Does this guy have a two in anything?

BOGARD
Velocity. Eight of--

BILLY
Take him off the board. Hodas.

HOPKINS
Outfielder, Chico State. Good looking, but--

A SECRETARY's come in with a cell phone--

SECRETARY
Billy, it's your wife.

BILLY
Is she crazy?

SECRETARY
Do you want me to ask her that? *

BILLY
No.

Takes the phone--

BILLY (CONT'D)
Hey leggy, we're kind of in the middle of something here.
(beat)
Oh.
(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)
(to the SECRETARY)
It's actually my ex-wife.

SECRETARY
God, sorry.

BILLY
Yeah.
(into phone)
Hi.
(beat)
I call her that sometimes 'cause--it doesn't matter. How can I help you?
(listens)
This is really why you're calling right now?

PITARRO
The Sox are gonna take Roger Ring.

BILLY
(into phone)
You know what, she's 14 now and she can wear whatever dress she wants to the freshmen dance.

HOPKINS
Righty out of San Diego State?

PITARRO
Yeah.

BILLY
I don't really think there's any way I can look at the dress.

BOGARD
She can e-mail you a picture.

BILLY
(to BOGARD)
Thank you.
(into phone)
Gotta go.
(to HOPKINS)
But what?

HOPKINS
What?

BILLY
Hodas. Good looking but what?

HOPKINS
Injuries.

BILLY
Take him down. Here's who I want if nobody takes him. Jeremy Brown, catcher, Alabama Crimson Tide.

The scouts start looking through their notes.

BILLY (CONT'D)
My guess is you guys have him on the last page.

PITARRO
I don't have him at all.

BILLY
That was gonna be my next guess.

The SECRETARY comes back in with the cell phone--

SECRETARY
She e-mailed a picture of the dress.

BILLY
(taking the phone)
I really don't care what--okay there's no way she's wearing this dress. Could you get Sharon on the phone?

HOPKINS
Lemme see.

BILLY
Shut up.

BOGARD
I've seen Jeremy Brown. It's not a pretty sight. The kid wears a large pair of underwear.

PAUL
(at his laptop)
Three hundred hits and two hundred walks, that led the SEC.

BOGARD
It's not that he's big it's that he's doughy. It's a big, soft, fleshy kind of body.

BILLY
What's it, kind of like...what's his name, who am I thinking of...Babe Ruth? Is it like that?

BOGARD
No.

BILLY
Three hundred hits and two hundred walks? If he's still there he's our first pick.

BOGARD
That's insane. Paul's got a pitcher throws 98. 6'4"/210--

BILLY
Hang on.

BILLY takes the phone from the SECRETARY--

BILLY (CONT'D)
(into phone)
She's not leaving the house in that dress.

PAUL
He's got a cutter, split finger fastball and his last ten pitches were hotter than his--

BILLY
(to PAUL)
Is this Our Lady of Pompeii?

PAUL
I'm just saying--

BILLY
No.
(into phone)
She's a child, Sharon, you handcuff her to a drain pipe is what you do. Now I've gotta call you back. *
(to the scouts)
Jeremy Brown.

BOGARD
He looks like Dom DeLuise.

BILLY
He managed to get on base 500 times in the SEC.

PAUL
Yeah, but some of them should've been doubles. *

BILLY
What do you mean?

PAUL
He's afraid to run.

BILLY
(beat)
What do you mean?

PAUL
He's afraid to run. He thinks he looks funny when he runs so he doesn't make the turn at 1st. Even with his speed he could've stretched a whole lot of those singles into doubles but he just didn't 'cause he's afraid to run.

BILLY takes this in and thinks to himself...

BILLY
That's fixable.

BOGARD
Goddamit--

BILLY
Jeremy Brown at the top.

PAUL
Billy, my guy, the pitcher, he's gonna fall in our laps and we're gonna be able to get him for a price.

BILLY
(just to Paul)
Outside.

PICARRO
We've got about two minutes.

Billy leads Paul out of the room as we HEAR

PA ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Pinch hitting for Lenny Dykstra, number 78, Billy Beane. *

CUT TO:

EXT. SHEA STADIUM - NIGHT

Billy's in the batter's box in one of his rare plate appearances as a Met but we're looking at SHARON, in a field level seat with a little girl who's now two year older than the one we saw earlier. *

SHARON can feel what's coming and it's getting hard to take. *

CUT TO: *

INT. METS LOCKER ROOM - LATER *

Billy's sitting at his locker as Lenny Dykstra stops by to cheer him up.

LENNY
Let it go. It's a slump. They end. You tagged this guy for a triple the last time you faced him.

BILLY
He figured out how to pitch to me. It's not hard to do. *

CUT TO:

EXT./EST. COURTYARD BY MARRIOTT - NIGHT

Billy and Sharon, are sitting up in bed. *

After a moment...

SHARON
Have you thought about what you might do if baseball doesn't work out?

BILLY
(pause)
What?

SHARON
That was too abrupt.

BILLY
No.
(pause)
What?

SHARON
(beat)
If baseball doesn't work out. Have you thought about what you might do?

BILLY
(beat)
The game's only been over for three hours, I haven't had that much time to think about it.

SHARON
Sure.
(beat)
Maybe real estate.

BILLY
I'll be honest, if I don't make it in baseball I don't think I'm going to be able to afford much real estate.

SHARON
I meant--

BILLY
I know what you meant.

SHARON
(pause)
It's just a slump, right?

BILLY
(beat)
No.

SHARON
You're saying every scout was wrong?

BILLY
You're kind of saying it too.

SHARON
Billy--

BILLY
Honey...don't you think it would be best to divorce me now while you're young?

Sharon looks at him...then her eyes go to the floor and we

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - PRESENT DAY

PAUL
Billy--

BILLY
Does he have offers?

PAUL
What?

BILLY
The pitcher.

PAUL
Michigan, Michigan State, Texas Tech--

BILLY
High school pitchers are twice less likely to make it to the majors than college pitchers and four times less likely than college position players.

PAUL
No, I understand the stats, but--

BILLY
Nobody tells you that when they're standing in your parents' kitchen. Paul. They just point to a college acceptance letter and then put down a check for a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars and tell a 17 year old kid to choose. And that's what happened to me. I don't draft high school kids no matter how much I want to live my life over through them.

The SECRETARY steps out--

SECRETARY
Billy?

BILLY
(into the phone)
YOU CAN'T WEAR THE GODDAM DRESS YOU CRAZY FLOOZIE!

He hands the phone back--

SECRETARY
That was your mother.

Billy just looks at her. Then he and Paul walk back into--

INT. SCOUTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BOGARD
You're on the clock. Do not take Jeremy Brown.

BILLY
(into speakerphone)
Oakland drafts Number 1172. Brown, Jeremy. Catcher. University of Alabama.

The other scouts in the room give-up...toss their papers down, quietly curse under their breath or just stare in disbelief at the stubbornness. *

CUT TO:

INT. METS FRONT OFFICE - DAY

Billy is standing in the office of the Mets' general manager.

GM
This is weird, Billy. It's like a politician quitting a campaign to become a staffer. Do you even know what a scout does?

BILLY
I've been scouted since I was fifteen years old.

GM
(pause)
I'll tell you what. I don't have anything here but if you really want to try being a scout I can call Sandy Alderson at the Oakland A's.

BILLY
Thank you.

GM
Well good luck.

CUT TO:

INT. METS LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

Billy has cleaned out his locker and sits in the middle of bags of his stuff, alone in the locker room.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOUTING ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Billy sits alone in the empty room surrounded by stacks of paper, phones, overflowing ashtrays, etc. The draft is over.

CUT TO:

A graphic of the AL West standings--from the start of the season until now--the teams shifting positions as the "games-out" and winning percentage numbers change like an adding machine, too fast for us to really follow, but then:

The calculations abruptly lock and we're given enough time to understand where we--and Oakland--are after 120 games:

AL WEST	GB	WP
Seattle	---	.610
Anaheim	2.0	.593
Oakland	4.5	.571
Texas	21.5	.427

REPORTER
The A's begin this road trip having won the last five at home, picking up two games on the Mariners and the Angels--

Jacobs Field. Terrance Long leading off first--

ANNOUNCER
2-1 to Hernandez, a stealer's count, so expect Long to be running--

But Long isn't going anywhere.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
Unusual.

Arlington Stadium. Justice at the plate.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
David Justice fights off twelve pitches and gets rewarded with a free trip to first base to lead off the inning.

The standings graphic shows the A's have just moved up into a three-way tie for first place-- *

REPORTER
Oakland's offense has exploded, scoring 40 runs in their last four games--

AL WEST	GB	WP
Oakland	---	.619
Anaheim	4.0	.591
Seattle	4.5	.586
Texas	22.5	.450

Barry Zito smokes the last batter on a called third strike to end the game and the team rushes in to congratulate him--

REPORTER (CONT'D)
Who would have thought in April I'd be saying this: The A's head to Detroit having won their ninth game in a row.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON

Billy walks through the clubhouse, shouting locker room shoutouts to players as he walks by. He knocks on Art's door--something we haven't seen him do before.

Art can see Billy through the window blinds and is a little surprised at the courtesy of a knock.

ART
Come in.

Billy does. He's going to try to do this nicely.

BILLY
How are ya?

ART
Good. You knocked.

BILLY
I did. Listen. Magnante's having some head problems. He's 37 and he's got three blown saves in two weeks. I'll tell you what he's thinking. Everytime he winds up he's thinking he's about to throw the last pitch of his life. So he grips it a little hard.

ART
I know my bullpen.

BILLY
Yes you do. Yes you absolutely do. No question about it. Except not really. If we have a lead late in the game and they have runners on base, I don't want to see Magnante out of the bullpen.

ART
I'll make that decision when the time comes.

BILLY
That's what you should do. Baseball's a game of situation and you should make the decision when the time comes. Except you should make it now.

ART
Look--

BILLY
Don't bring Magnante out if we've gotta hold a late lead with runners on. He's 37, he's scared shitless.

ART
You think a lot of yourself, don't you?

BILLY
I.....think the regular amount of myself. Magnante on the other hand, he doesn't think very much of himself at all, and when he tightens up we've got ourselves an adventure. So I'd like to see Chad Bradford out of the pen tonight when we're in, let's say, just to make it easier for you, <u>any</u> situation. Righty/lefty, two outs, no outs, the umpires have decided we're going to finish the game by playing darts, whatever. Bradford's the first guy out of the pen.
(beat)
Okay?

ART
I'll see what I can do, Billy.

BILLY
(beat)
Okay.

ART
I'll see what I can do.

BILLY
You know it's not like it's out of your hands or anything. You're the manager, you don't have to run the decision by a board of directors. You just tell the bullpen you want Bradford and, boom, in he walks. Right to the mound. You hand him the baseball.
(beat)
Magnante's 37, Art. He's pitching scared and--

ART
Got it.

BILLY
Okay.
(beat)
"Got it", you're gonna bring out anybody but Magnante?

ART
"Got it", I'll deal with it when the situation comes up.

BILLY
(beat)
Great. Great. Alright, have a good game.

Billy steps out of Art's office into--

INT. LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where CHAD BRADFORD is waiting for him--

CHAD
Mr. Beane.

BILLY
Chad.

CHAD
I haven't had a chance to thank you for bringing me here.

BILLY
(a little embarrassed)
Oh--well--

CHAD
I know a lot of the guys feel the same way.

BILLY
I promise you, it was a completely selfish act.

CHAD
Well thanks anyway.

BILLY
Sure. Hey Chad.

CHAD
Yes sir.

BILLY
I've noticed when you take the mound, you reach down for the resin bag but you don't pick it up.

CHAD
Yes sir.

BILLY
What's that about?

CHAD
I'm not reaching for the resin bag, I'm putting down my stone.

BILLY
A lucky stone?

CHAD
Yes sir.

BILLY
You're superstitious about baseball?

CHAD
About almost everything, I'm a devout Christian.

Billy smiles and laughs a little...

BILLY
Does it work?

CHAD
The stone?

BILLY
Yeah.

CHAD
Well nobody's ever called me a good pitcher but for some reason, here I am.

BILLY
(pause)
Nobody?

CHAD
No sir.

BILLY
Okay, great. Well...okay.

INT. WEIGHT ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

The game plays on TV as Billy bench presses. The A's are up by three runs in the ninth inning but Seattle has a runner on first. *

Through the tunnel, Billy can hear the crack of the bat and a collective groan from the stands.

Billy holds the barbell in the air--frozen--as he simply listens to the TV.

ANNOUNCER (FROM TV)
--solid single up the middle sending Diaz to third. Seattle has runners at the corners with one out and the tying run coming to the plate in the form of Alberto Pedro who's three-for-five tonight against Tim Hudson--

ANNOUNCER #2
Yeah, but that's gonna be all for Hudson as manager Art Howe makes his way to the mound. He touches his left arm, he's gonna bring in Magnante.

INT. GENERAL MANAGER'S BOX - SAME TIME

Paul's watching with some front office people.

PAUL
Is it possible to break weights? Can weights break?

FRONT OFFICE WORKER
What are you asking for?

PAUL
No reason.

CUT TO:

INT. WEIGHT ROOM - SAME TIME

CRASH! Billy is taking the weights and throwing them--one by one--against anything nearby.

BACK TO THE GAME--

Magnante mops his brow, squints for the sign, winds up and makes his pitch. It misses low for ball four and Pedro walks to first.

ANNOUNCER (FROM TV)
Magnante has quickly loaded the bases for Lee Stevens who's the go ahead run for the Mariners in a game that Oakland appeared to have put away.

GENERAL MANAGER'S BOX - SAME TIME

PAUL
What about porcelain? Does that break easily or would the weights break before the--

WEIGHT ROOM - SAME TIME

A weight goes flying at a urinal, smashing the urinal--

ANNOUNCER (FROM TV)
--Magnante finding himself in a situation that's become eerily familiar. The pitch--

CRACK!

ANNOUNCER (FROM TV) (CONT'D)
That ball is deep....way back...grand slam home run for Lee Stevens to put Seattle ahead in the ninth inning...

Billy can hear 40,000 people booing their lungs out. He takes a moment, then grabs his jacket.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The fans are booing as Art makes his way to the mound to take Magnante out. Bradford makes his way from the bullpen and takes the ball from Art.

Art turns to head back to the dugout but slows as he sees a strange sight: Billy is standing at the dugout rail.

The plate umpire notices and follows Art's line of sight. He sees Billy and walks over there ahead of Art.

UMPIRE
You can't be in there, Billy.

BILLY doesn't move. He just watches Art as he comes into the dugout.

UMPIRE (CONT'D)
Billy?

The players are watching to see what's going to happen. Billy puts his hand on Art's shoulder a second as he says--

BILLY
Just nod a little bit--not too much--like I'm assuring you you didn't just make a calamitous vocational decision.

UMPIRE
Players and coaches only, Billy.

BILLY
Remember that in about four seconds--

Billy sees one of the nearby TV cameras pivot over to catch this conversation--

BILLY (CONT'D)
--yeah there it is. We're the lead story on Sports Center now so let me be brief. First of all, that was an awfully costly fuck-you, wouldn't you say? *

ART
Look--

BILLY
Second of all, genius, those boos? * They're for you. Drink up.

UMPIRE
Come on, Billy.

BILLY
I was just leaving.

As Billy passes Magnante he pats his back--

TITLE:

Part V
You Still Have to Win the Last Game of the Season

AL WEST	GB	WP
Oakland	---	.633
Anaheim	3.5	.609
Seattle	7.0	.583
Texas	25.5	.449

A ROCK ANTHEM kicks in and then it's joined by chopper blades as we see

EXT. OAKLAND COLISEUM - EVENING

--where the energy is electric.

LEGEND:

September 4, 2002

REPORTER
This is something special now and far be it for me to jinx it by saying how many consecutive games the A's have won--

REPORTER #2
Nineteen--

REPORTER
Well you said it not me.

Tickets are torn and purses searched as record breaking numbers of fans pour into the stadium.

REPORTER #2
None of the Oakland fans in their cars down there have forgotten the A's inglorious history-making choke in Game 5 of the ALDS last October and tonight--

INT. A'S LOCKER ROOM - EVENING

It's like a tomb. The players are getting ready without music or chat.

REPORTER #2
--one game shy of 20 consecutive wins, they have a shot at redemption. How rare is it to win 20 games in a row? This rare: No American League team has ever done it.

DAVID JUSTICE sits down next to SCOTT HATTEBERG.

DAVID
What's your biggest fear?

SCOTT
A baseball being hit in my general direction.

DAVID
No, seriously.

SCOTT
Seriously.

INT. CAR - MOVING - EVENING

Billy heads east on 580 with Bob Mould on the CD player. His cell phone rings and he hits the speaker button for the car.

BILLY
Don't tell me the score, Paul.

SHARON
It's me, Billy.

BILLY
How you doin', leggy.

SHARON
Nope.

BILLY
Sharon?

SHARON
Yes.

BILLY
Well...what makes you think I'm not calling <u>you</u> leggy?

SHARON
Bite me. *

BILLY
Okay.

SHARON
I'm calling to tell you everything's going to go great tonight. And that I'm very glad you didn't go into real estate.

Billy didn't even realize until that moment how much he wanted to hear her say that...He's not sure what to say back.

SHARON (CONT'D)
(pause)
Billy?

BILLY
That was nice of you to say, Sharon, thanks.

SHARON
Casey wants to talk to you.

BILLY
Put her on.

CASEY
Are you on your way to the stadium?

BILLY
I'm on my way to Vancouver to see the Canadians.

CASEY
What's so special about Canadians?

BILLY
The Canadians. Our minor league team in Vancouver.

CASEY
I think it's pronounced Canadi<u>ens</u>.

BILLY
No.

CASEY
It is. It's French for Canadians.

BILLY
That's in Montreal and they're a hockey team. And it turns out French for hot dog is "hot <u>dog</u>". But these are just--

CASEY
Dad, turn the fucking car around and go to the game.

BILLY
Hey. There is no place for that language in a young lady's life.

CASEY
Yes there is. Right now. When her dad is being a total shmuck!

BILLY
I'm thinking of just not feeding you anymore.

CASEY
You earned this, dad! So don't be a jackass, turn the goddam car around and--

BILLY
Okay, I'll talk to you later, little angel. *

He pushes the button that hangs up the phone.

Then he takes a stone out of his jacket pocket and rubs it in his hand.

He drives a little longer...

BILLY (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Shhhit.

...then turns on the radio.

ANNOUNCER (VO)
Tim Hudson is carving through this Royals line-up and at the end of three, it's the A's 11 and Kansas City nothing.

BILLY
(quietly)
Oh God.
(beat)
Ohhhh God.

Billy sees the sign for the next exit coming up. He makes a decision and quickly crosses four lanes to the right, nearly causing several deaths.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Sorry.

The ROCK ANTHEM continues as we

CUT TO:

INT. OAKLAND COLISEUM - LATER - NIGHT

Billy is striding through an underground corridor which is echoing with the cheers of 55,000 fans. He comes into the locker room and finds Paul watching the game on TV.

PAUL
You got here fast.

BILLY
I exceeded the posted speed limit. Let's go.

PAUL
Where?

Billy just nods. Paul grabs his jacket and the two of them bolt.

On their backs--

PAUL (CONT'D)
Why are you carrying a rock?

BILLY
Why aren't you?

EXT. OAKLAND COLISEUM - NIGHT

Billy and Paul emerge from a tunnel to a sight Billy's denied himself for 138 games: The lit-up ballpark with a game in play.

Unfortunately the idyllic moment is short-lived as Tejada drops a routine throw from Ellis and a "1" goes up on the scoreboard for the Royals.

BILLY
Yeah, this was a bad idea.

PAUL
We're up by 10.

BILLY
I need to disappear.

INT. ART'S OFFICE - LATER

Billy and Paul are standing in stunned silence.

ANNOUNCER (VO)
Kansas City's scored five now and Oakland's lead is down to six as Art Howe comes out to the mound to pull Tim Hudson.

BILLY
It better be Bradford.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
He'll go with the submariner, Chad Bradford.

PAUL
(off his computer)
No A's team has lost an 11 run lead since the Philadelphia A's in 1936.

Billy looks at him...

BILLY
Is that supposed to make me feel better?

PAUL
I don't know.

EXT. OAKLAND COLISEUM - NIGHT

CHAD BRADFORD's done with his warm-up pitches.

CHAD
I know what it is to be in need and to have plenty. I am content. I can do all things through Christ who gives me strength--

INT. ART'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

PAUL
Is he praying?

BILLY
That's always a good sign.

EXT. OAKLAND COLISEUM - NIGHT

Chad walks the first batter he faces. The crowd grows anxious.

His first submariner pitch to the next batter, Dee Brown, hits Brown in the shoulder. Brown trots down to first and there are now two runners on.

Chad manages to get the next batter to hit a slow grounder to short but it gets bobbled and the bases are now loaded.

INT. ART'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

BILLY
What are the odds of winning 20 games in a row? I know you've looked.

PAUL
1 in 75,000.

BILLY
And the odds of blowing an 11 run lead?

PAUL
1 in 75,000.

CUT TO:

BILL JAMES

He's in his office at STATS, Inc and the sounds of the Coliseum are silenced.

BILL JAMES
There exits in the world--and in baseball--forces of negative momentum which act to reduce the differences between strong teams and weak teams, teams which are ahead and behind, good players and bad players--

EXT. OAKLAND COLISEUM - LATER

Bradford is gone. Jeff Tam is on the mound. Jeff Sweeney is up and the scoreboard reads "A's:11 Royals:7". Time seems to have altered. Slowed down.

BILL JAMES (V.O.)
The balance of strategies always favors the team which is behind. Psychology always pulls the winners down and the losers up.

INT. ART'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Billy watches Tam squint for the sign on TV.

BILLY
He's waiting for the sinker, Tammy. Don't throw it.

BILL JAMES (V.O.)
And people who want very badly to win--so much so that it becomes a need--discover that need is a weakness. And in some people it's even a curse.

TAM throws a sinker and Sweeney golfs it over the left field wall.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
And Kansas City has tied this game up at 11 a piece. Now I've seen everything.

BILLY disappears out of the office. After a moment, PAUL begins to hear the nearby sounds of lockers and equipment being smashed.

EXT. OAKLAND COLISEUM - LATER

The scoreboard shows us that it's still tied in the bottom of the ninth. Two outs, nobody on.

ART
Hattie. Grab a bat.

Scott Hatteberg actually points to himself and mouths, Me?

ART (CONT'D)
Let's go.

Scott pulls a bat from the rack and makes the long walk to the plate--

INT. ART'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

PAUL
What the--

BILLY
In this situation? He's sending Hattie to the plate now?!

Art looks at the camera and gives a subversive smile.

PAUL
Art just looked at the camera and smiled.

BILLY
Yeah, that was for me.

EXT. OAKLAND COLISEUM - SAME TIME

As Roy Steele's booming voice echoes:

VOICE OF GOD
Pinch hitting for Eric Byrnes--Scott Hatteberg.

Scott's wife, Elizabeth, watches from the VIP seats. She clutches her face.

Scott lets the first pitch go by.

UMPIRE
Ball!

Scott steps out of the box to catch his breath. He steps back in and stares at the exact spot in space he thinks the pitch will leave the pitcher's hand.

The pitch. He swings.

Crack! 55,000 erupt. The A's leap to the front of the dugout steps and watch.

INT. WEIGHT ROOM - SAME TIME

Billy's sitting on the floor in the middle of large broken objects. He hears the roar of the crowd and looks up.

His blackberry buzzes. He looks at it.

"HR Hatteberg. We win."

Billy just stares at it.

EXT. OAKLAND COLISEUM - SAME TIME

The place is going crazy. Elizabeth is screaming as she watches her husband get mauled by his teammates at the plate.

INT. WEIGHT ROOM - SAME TIME

Billy's still staring at the Blackberry. It buzzes again and the message is replaced by another one.

"What exactly are you doing?"

Billy turns around and sees Tara standing there.

TARA
Most consecutive wins in AL History.

BILLY
(pause)
I think I broke some stuff.

TARA
Yeah.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

The place is packed with players, players' wives, coaches and news crews. There's no champagne spraying but they feel like they won the World Series and in fact have done something much more rare.

Billy watches from a distance when SCHOTT calls to him--

SCHOTT
Billy!

SCHOTT's motioning for Billy to join an interview he's doing. Billy waves it off. Schott comes over to him.

SCHOTT (CONT'D)
Come do the interview.

BILLY
That's the same guy who wanted to throw me from the Bay Bridge on opening day.

SCHOTT
He's singing a different song now. You know if you gave him a little love he might keep singing that new song.

BILLY
You know if I crushed his larynx he might not be able to sing at all.

SCHOTT
Yeah.

SCHOTT shows Billy a printout--

SCHOTT (CONT'D)
The standings are in exact inverse proportion to the payrolls. 41 million and we're in first. Texas, a hundred and six million. Done.

BILLY
We're on a winning streak, Steve, but we haven't won anything yet. We've gotta clinch, we've gotta get deep into the playoffs and we've gotta get to the series. We've still got to win the last game of the season.

SCHOTT
It's always gonna be somethin' with you, Billy.

Billy hears this and then can't help a short laugh at this statement from someone who's obviously not a professional competitor.

BILLY
You go have fun.

SCHOTT goes off. Billy looks at Art giving an interview--

ART
Down in Anaheim all they talk about is the manager. Most people don't even know who the general manager is down there. Up here it's like I'm the shadow of Lisa Minelli or something.

ELIZABETH
Mr. Beane?

BILLY
Did he mean Liza?

ELIZABETH
I'm sorry?

BILLY
Nothing.

ELIZABETH
I'm Elizabeth Hatteberg. We met at my house last Christmas.

BILLY
Sure.

ELIZABETH
Thank you.

BILLY
Thank me?, thank you. Whatever you put in those Christmas cookies, keep--

Elizabeth starts to cry--

BILLY (CONT'D)
Whoa. It's okay.

ELIZABETH
I'm sorry.

BILLY
It's alright.

ELIZABETH
You don't know what it's like to have everyone think you're a failure.

Billy doesn't say anything but of course he does.

BILLY
You never thought that, and that's what's--

ELIZABTEH
(the worst possible sin)
I did.
(beat)
And he knows I did.

Billy takes this in a second...

BILLY
Yeah he does know you did.

ELIZABTEH
He's talked to you?

BILLY
No. I just know.
(beat)
That's all over now.
(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)
Your husband just took a Jason Grimsley two-seam fastball and parked it in the upper deck in left field for a pinch-hit walk-off home run in a record breaking game. Go tell him about it. *

ELIZABETH looks at him a moment...and then starts crying again--

BILLY (CONT'D)
No it's okay now, just go.

ELIZABETH goes off to find her husband. Billy sees Paul standing there and holding a duffle bag.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Gilligan.

PAUL
Congratulations.

BILLY
What's in the duffle bag.

PAUL
Come with me.

EXT. OAKLAND COLISEUM - NIGHT

The field and the stands are empty. Just some clean-up crew and security.

Paul walks Billy out to second base.

BILLY
I should really be in the clubhouse in case more crying women need me. I have a gift and it's wrong not to share it.

PAUL
Turn around.

BILLY
This is getting a little--

PAUL
See the Bank One sign?

BILLY
Yeah.

PAUL
Hit it.

BILLY
(beat)
Gimme a baseball.

PAUL opens his duffle and takes out a football.

PAUL
Hit it with this.

Billy looks at Paul. He knows what Paul's getting at.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Hit it.

Billy takes the football, drops back a few steps and sends a perfect spiral on a frozen rope into the Bank One sign.

PAUL (CONT'D)
You were supposed to be the next Elway.

BILLY
I was supposed to be a lot of things.

PAUL
Stanford recruited you for football too. You were supposed to take John Elway's place, you were gonna start as a freshman.

BILLY
Yeah.

PAUL
Why did you never go back for classes?

BILLY
When I signed with the Mets they revoked my admission.

PAUL
I told you I was gonna figure you out. Your problem isn't that you're the only GM who played baseball, it's that you're the only GM who didn't go to college.

BILLY
When did I get a problem?

PAUL
You look around and you see the lives you're supposed to be living.

BILLY
(pause)
You're an idiot.

PAUL
I went to Harvard.

BILLY
I got *into* Stanford.

PAUL
Almost the same thing.

BILLY
(beat)
I used to think the worst thing in sports was fourth place at the Olympics.

PAUL
What do you think it is now?

BILLY
Losing in the playoffs again after winning 20 in a row.
(to Paul)
What are the stats on that?

CUT TO: *

BILL JAMES

He's in a different office and wearing a Red Sox windbreaker.

BILL JAMES
Statistics aren't the point. The point is understanding. The point is making sense out of chaos. The point is revealing the <u>true</u> worth of the individual.

EXT. OAKLAND COLISEUM - NIGHT

The same shot as at the beginning: the Coliseum from high above, only this time the final game of the division series is being played at home.

Legend:

2002 ALDS
Deciding Game 5
Minnesota Twins at Oakland A's

BILL JAMES (V.O.)
I've spent my life arguing with the church but the church doesn't want to change. I've about had it with Baseball.

The camera pans down the huge scoreboard. It's excruciating. The numbers on the board tell us it's been an incredibly close game but the A's are losing by one run in the bottom of the ninth with two outs and nobody on. *

And Hatteberg stands in at the plate.

BILL JAMES (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Listen to this. This is Baseball. Listen to what they have to say about a team that won a hundred games for a third of the cost of a team that lost a hundred games. This isn't the voice of some delusional yahoo calling in to AM radio. This is one of the Church's most respected men.

Strike one to Hatteberg as we hear the venerable voice of ESPN's Joe Morgan, who's speaking post-game.

JOE MORGAN (V.O.)
The flaw in the A's thinking, and this comes from the top of their organization-- is their failure to comprehend you have to manufacture runs in the post season.

Hatteberg fouls off a pitch. Strike two.

JOE MORGAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You have to steal. You have to bunt. You have to sacrifice. You have to trust in small ball, not Billy Ball.

Hatteberg doesn't swing at the fastball just on the corner. The umpire pumps his fist to indicate strike three. The pitcher throws his glove in the air and the catcher runs out to the mound as the rest of the Twins run to the middle of the field to begin their victory celebration.

JOE MORGAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They think they've devised a science to win games. They think it resides in a computer.

The sound suddenly cuts out. We continue to move down the dimly-lit cinder-block corridor. In a few moments, the sound comes back on.

JOE MORGAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They thumb their nose at fundamentals. At tradition. At Baseball.

We reach an underground room where a solitary figure bench-presses weights. The TV displays the post-game coverage. Champagne in the winners' locker room and Twins players being interviewed. The man lifting weights isn't watching it.

JOE MORGAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They're bean counters in Oakland. That's bean with an "e" at the end. They're card counters at the blackjack table who forget the house always wins. Which is why they're here again--teetering on the brink of elimination.

PAUL
The house doesn't win when you count cards, asshole, that's the whole fuckin' point!

It's Paul lifting weights, not Billy.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Don't understand small ball? That's all we played was small ball. Get the runner on first, get the runner on first. No credit for getting this far? Fourth place in the Olympics.

BILLY (OS)
Paul.

PAUL turns around and sees Billy standing there.

BILLY (CONT'D)
You're talking to yourself.
(beat)
I'm gonna talk to the team now. Tomorrow I'm gonna make a quick business trip.

PAUL
(beat)
I know. *
(beat) *
Good.

BILLY
You know where I'm going, right?

PAUL
Of course.

CUT TO:

INT. LEAR JET - DAY *

Billy sits in the luxury of the private jet, looking out the window as a beautiful HOSTESS puts another drink at his side. * *

EXT. TARMAC - DAY *

A stretch limousine is waiting as Billy steps off the private jet. * *

EXT. FENWAY PARK - BOSTON - DAY

Billy's standing at home plate, admiring the history worn beauty of this famous stadium.

He hears a voice call to him.

BILL JAMES
Mr. Beane?

Billy turns around to see Bill James walking toward him from the dugout. To Billy it looks like a mirage walking toward him. Can he be this tired?

BILLY
Yes sir.

BILL JAMES
My name's Bill James.

BILLY
(beat)
Yes.

Bill James looks at Billy and gives him a pat on the arm.

BILL JAMES
Well done, son.

And with that, Bill James walks off...

John Henry, owner of the Red Sox, comes out of a tunnel and calls--

HENRY
Due respect to the Coliseum, but this is a ball park.

BILLY
Yes it is. It is.

HENRY
You ever play here?

FLASHCUT TO:

Young Billy striking out at Fenway--

BACK TO PRESENT DAY--

BILLY
No.

HENRY
That's a shame.
(pointing off to the disappearing Bill James)
I see you met my new senior consultant. Why it took someone so long to hire him is beyond me.

BILLY
You're gonna take no end of crap for it, John. Baseball hates that old man.

HENRY
Why don't you come where you can win? Why don't you come where you can, for the love of God, once and for all, finally win. And why don't you finally get paid.

BILLY
How much?

HENRY
Twelve and a half million for five years.

BILLY
(pause)
That, uhh...That would make me--

HENRY
--the highest paid GM in professional sports.

BILLY
Yeah.

Billy thinks about this for a moment before we

CUT TO:

EXT. OAKLAND COLISEUM/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The lot is completely empty except for the pair of headlights that makes it way through to a parking space.

It's Billy's car and Billy's parking space.

FROM THE RADIO
"...You can't blame Art Howe, he did the best with what he was given. In fact my only problem with Art is that there was a while there he was making Beane-brain look good. He was a wash-out as a player and I don't know why we expected anything more as GM. For the sake of the whole city I'd like to take this guy in a dark alley and--".

He turns the ignition off--cutting off the radio. He just stops for a second.

Then he grabs his bag, gets out of the car, closes the door and--

VOICE FROM THE WINDOW
Heads up.

DOINK!

A baseball hits the hood of his car and he looks up to see where it came from. Paul is standing in the window of Billy's office.

PAUL
God!

BILLY
What the hell--

PAUL
Sorry!

BILLY
What the hell was that?

PAUL
I was trying to toss you the ball.

BILLY
How bad was your Harvard team? Could me and any eight other people have beaten you?

PAUL
Congratulations.

BILLY
I'm coming up.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Paul's standing there as Billy comes in.

PAUL
Congratulations.

BILLY
I turned it down.

PAUL
(beat)
What?

BILLY
I turned down the job.

Paul is staring at Billy...

PAUL
(pause)
Nobody passes on the Boston--

BILLY
Paul, I think most people around here think you're just the guy who stands next to me and I'm gonna do a better job making sure they know what you do around here. And when I do leave I'll make sure you're the next GM of the A's.

PAUL
You turned it down?

BILLY
Yeah.
(beat)
I thought I just said something kinda nice. You want to hug me?

PAUL
Are you an imbecile?!

BILLY
I think deep down you want to hug me.

PAUL
How could you turn down the Red Sox?!

BILLY
Tell you what, I'll pay for the damage to the car, give you a raise and we'll call it even.

PAUL
You're serious.

BILLY
No, I can't give you a raise.

PAUL
Billy--

BILLY
I'm not gonna live a continent away from Casey.

PAUL
They would have moved. Sharon told me they would move. And your other wife is home packing.

BILLY
Not any more, she's home weeping.

PAUL
Did Henry make you a good offer?

BILLY
It doesn't matter.

PAUL
Did he make you a good offer?

BILLY
It was fine.

PAUL
Then why in the name of God did you--

BILLY
I have to win here.
(beat)
I mean it, Paul, you're gonna be a great GM. You'd be the last person I'd want to play against. And I'll move on and I'll make some money but I have to win here first. I can't leave here a failure.

PAUL
You're not.

BILLY
You win or you lose, P.

PAUL
You haven't given yourself time to get over it, it's only been three days.

BILLY
I'm not even over last year yet. I don't get over it.

Paul is aware of Billy's deep sadness and decides to show him something...

PAUL
(pause)
I've got something in the film room that's gonna cheer you up. Come with me.

CUT TO:

INT. FILM ROOM - NIGHT

As Billy and Paul come in. Paul's going to show him something on the large flat screen monitor and he picks up the remote.

PAUL
Look closely 'cause you may never see this again. It's not much more than a home movie but you'll get the idea.

BILLY
Who is it?

PAUL
The Visalia Oaks and their 240 pound catcher, Jeremy Brown, who's scared of running to second. This was in a game six weeks ago.

Paul hits the remote and the tape starts. The quality is poor and the camera is focused only on Jeremy.

The game film will start to fill the whole screen, with only shards of Paul's silhouette cutting across it to point things out.

BILLY
Was this shot by his mother, I can't see the rest of the field.

PAUL
You don't need to. This guy's gonna start him off with a fastball low and in because he hasn't read the book on our guy and doesn't know that low and in is where he eats. Jeremy takes him to deep center--

We see Jeremy Brown connect and the ball fly off the bat but the camera stays on Jeremy running to first. Paul slows down the picture with the remote

PAUL (CONT'D)
--and he knows that if he runs it's a stand-up double and he's running.

BILLY
(quietly)
Go pal.

PAUL
And now he's gonna do something he never does. He's gonna round first base, he's gonna take the turn.

BILLY
Please tell me he's safe at second.

PAUL
No. Because right here--

Jeremy slips and stumbles to the ground.

PAUL (CONT'D)
--is what he's always been afraid of. It's all he can do to get himself back to first.

Jeremy has been scrambling in the dirt to get safely back to first base.

BILLY
What is that?

PAUL
That's the first base coach.

BILLY
Why's he laughing? I'm gonna fire that guy, why the hell is he--

PAUL
Everybody's laughing.

Jeremy's looking around the field now, looking at his own dugout. We can't see what he sees but he's confused.

PAUL (CONT'D)
And now Jeremy finds out why. Watch his face because this is art. He's just found out the ball went 60 feet over the fence. He'd hit a home run but he didn't know it.

And Jeremy's face explodes into a smile. He slaps hands with the first base coach and begins his trot around the bases.

Billy stares at this. He takes the remote and backs it up a little so he can see Jeremy's face again.

And now, he can't help it but his eyes well up...

PAUL (CONT'D)
(pause)
It was a metaph--

BILLY
I know it was a metaphor.

They watch as Jeremy Brown runs around the bases.

PAUL
How can anybody not be romantic about baseball?

Paul holds out his hand--

PAUL (CONT'D)
That was a hell of a baseball season, boss.

BILLY
The Island of Misfit Toys.

Billy and Paul embrace each other for a long moment before...

BILLY (CONT'D)
I knew deep down you wanted to hug me.
(beat)
Boston hired Bill James as a consultant.

PAUL
You're kidding.

BILLY
No.

PAUL
I would've followed him around and sharpened his pencils.

BILLY
'Cause you're a nerd. Let's go outside. I want to start making some moves.

PAUL
Sure.

They head to the door.

BILLY
How do you feel about a trade.

PAUL
Who?

BILLY
Art. We trade Art.

PAUL
Yes.

BILLY
Bobby Valentine's done in NY, we send Art to the Mets. A little thank you present.

CUT TO:

EXT. GENERAL MANAGER'S BOX - NIGHT

The four of them step out onto the box and survey the dark and empty field.

PAUL
There's a Double-A back-up outfielder in Mobile.

BILLY
What's his on base?

PAUL
Four-O-four.

BILLY
Slugging?

PAUL
Five-sixty-eight?

We begin a long, slow pull-back as they continue discussing next year's team. Oasis's "Live Forever" begins and we see--

DAVID JUSTICE AT THE PLATE as he takes ball four and trots down to first. The image freezes--

David Justice retired after the 2002 season. He ended up leading the team in on-base percentage and most walks.

SCOTT HATTEBERG dives for a line drive and the image freezes--

Scott Hatteberg played three more seasons with the A's, then signed with Cincinnati as a first baseman. He is currently a free agent.

CHAD BRADFORD goes into his submarine windup. As his hand scrapes the dirt, the image freezes--

Chad Bradford went to the Red Sox in 2005. In 2008 he was traded to Tampa Bay, which went on to the World Series with a payroll lower than Oakland's.

PAUL, in a Harvard Crimson uniform, scoops a grounder to short and throws out a Yale Bulldog as the image freezes--

Paul DePodesta left Oakland in 2004 to become the General Manager of the Los Angeles Dodgers. He's now with the San Diego Padres.

Derek Jeter looks at ball four, tosses his bat and trots to first base. The image freezes--

In 2008 the New York Yankees led the league in walks.

BILLY, in a suit and tie, stands at home plate, leaning on a baseball bat as we hear the anthem from *Damn Yankees*--

SINGERS
YOU'VE GOTTA HAVE HEART...MILES AND MILES
AND MILES OF HEART...

Billy Beane is still the General Manager of the Oakland Athletics.

The song continues as we

FADE TO BLACK